THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

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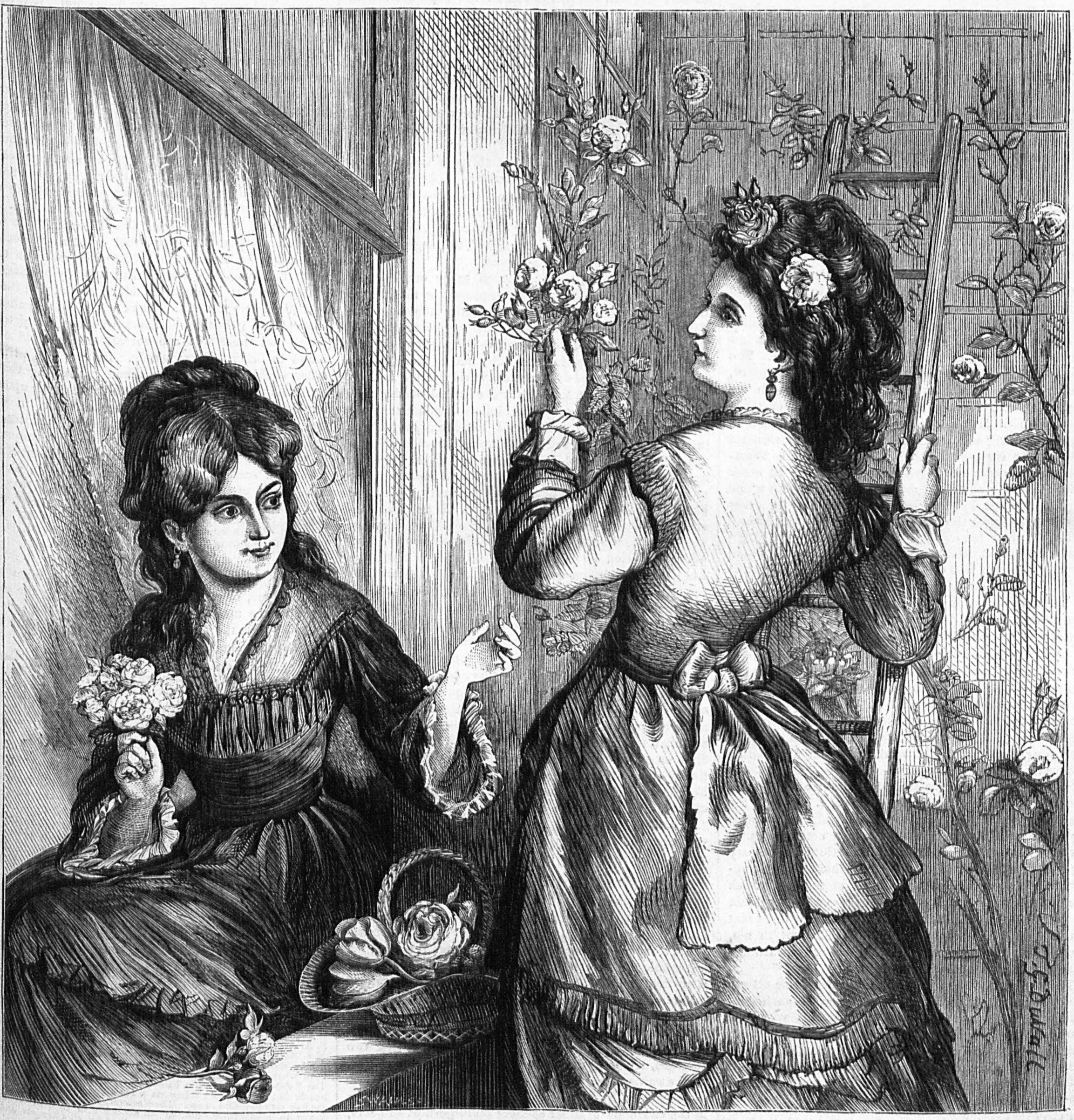


SUMMER.

THE LIMITS OF TOIL.

WHILE many of us are asking whether it is possible that the judge and counsel engaged in the Tichborne trial can have suffered in their health by reason of the protracted character of the inquiry; and while we are discussing, some of us quite warmly, whether or not they ought to be tired, it might be worth while for a moment to take a look at the general question of mental wear and tear.

To nine-tenths of the population of the country, supposing they are brought to give a thought to the question, it, no doubt, appears incomprehensible that these gentlemen should make so much account of being exhausted with their labours. Many will compare that work with physical employment, and declare that these learned lawyers have not half enough to do.

Having compelled the admission, however, that physical and mental work cannot be measured by the same rule, we have not arrived at the end of the difficulty. A great deal of mental work is performed in these times, and no small proportion of it is done under circumstances which seem to indicate that the brain is capable of a vast amount of exertion with very little rest or change. The labour on the daily newspaper press is of this kind. There are numerous instances of men who perform this description of work—as trying to the mind and nerves as anything with which it can be compared—for a greater number of hours from year's end to year's end than does the labourer in a mine or the artisan in a factory. Again, there are hard students, who during many weeks and months will remain in continuous application at the rate of something like sixteen hours a day.

Yet we must not hastily conclude that there is not ground enough for the complaints which are uttered in connection with events like this great trial. Men can only judge for themselves of the pressure that is upon them, and we may be sure they find it severe before they begin to complain. Sir John Duke Coleridge is a man who knows what intellectual work is. He has the appearance of one who has at times bound himself down to mental labour with a perseverance and persistency which took little account of hours, and we know by his varied acquirements, in letters and art as well as in law and politics, that he has not been afraid of toil. Neither is a position like that of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine gained without remarkable application. And, turning to the Bench, we may be sure that a lawyer was not made a judge before he had passed through a very severe ordeal of hard work and perseverance. The business of a law court is not all comprehended by mere spectators. The hours during which the court is sitting do not represent, probably, more than two-thirds of the time which the case demands, between morning and night, of those engaged in it. That long cross-examination has not been kept up during so many days by the Solicitor-General without the expenditure of great pains outside Westminster, in order to be master of the cause at every point; and the same obligation to know how the whole case is affected by every question put and by every answer, rests upon the counsel for the claimant. And all this while these famous barristers have to devote attention to numerous other cases, some of them, perhaps, in their way, hardly less difficult than this. No lawyer is able to give his undivided thoughts to one case. Before he enters the court in the morning he has probably to bestow serious consideration to the interests of a client whose quarrel will be tried when the Tichborne excitement has passed over. We are all aware that Sir John Coleridge and Serjeant Ballantine were very closely engaged in other affairs during the months which preceded the commencement of this trial, but at the same time we can very well understand that the Tichborne baronetcy business has been in their thoughts, and has occupied their time, not for days and weeks only, but for months and years.

So we return to the question of mental tear and wear, and ask where we can find a gauge of it. Even in the matter of physical exertion we do not quite know when we are overdoing it, or when we are conscientiously giving ourselves rest which is not absolutely necessary for our health's sake. In mental labour we are unfortunately so much at the mercy of feelings which are often deceptive, that some of us go on till the brain is incurably injured, and some stop short to the great detriment of their prosperity and advancement in life, mistaking a lack of industrious impulse for the warnings of an overworked brain.

These questions always bring us to the same utterly unsatisfactory point. Books are written on such subjects, and maxims are set down; but we have very little confidence in the one or the other. So we suppose we must proceed like those who went before us, the cautious saving themselves and losing a part of the reward within their reach—the more impetuous grasping greater results at their peril.

I had been laid up several days in Birmingham with diarrhœa, accompanied by intense pain, when a fellow-traveller recommended to me so urgently to use your Vegetable Pain Killer for it that I tried it, and got almost instant and permanent relief, and I can now recommend it as strongly to any so afflicted. HY. J. NOONE.
(Clement & Co.), Burton-on-Trent, Nov. 1868.—To Perry Davis & Son.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Out in the Small Hours.

WE have the Prime Minister's authority for saying that members of Parliament are in the habit of escaping from the House of Commons in time to catch the last train on the Underground Railway from the station at Westminster Bridge. The signal half clears the House, and Ministers find it difficult after midnight to prevent a count-out. Plaintively Mr. Gladstone appealed to the directors to know whether a remedy might not be provided for this evil.

The thought must have occurred to a great many besides the Premier that we are ruled, so to speak, with a rod of iron in the matter of hours. There is a strong temptation to avoid turning night into day, no doubt. If much encouragement were offered the public to disregard the passage of time, and to look upon the small hours beyond the twelve as not less convenient for purposes of traffic than the larger ones before the turn of midnight, there would be, perhaps, less regular and systematic rest than there is at present. Yet there seems room for a compromise. Practically the hours of the night are not sealed against business and activity. There is always something moving. To a certain proportion of the population the day ends at one in the morning; to others at two. Some begin the day at four, while others are finishing it. It is hard to say, without experiment, what amount of traffic might be found ready and anxious to avail itself of an urban and suburban train in the quietest time of the night; but we think the experiment would show the privilege of travelling on the great lines—say at intervals of an hour and a half or two hours all through the night—to be a very great boon. Not only would the stragglers who, from necessity, make their way through the streets to or from their homes at all times in the night be thankful for such facilities of travelling, but new engagements in the interest of business and public convenience would probably be entered into on the strength of such chances of getting from place to place. Many things might be done in connection, say, with markets, and with the machinery of providing for the smooth working of the transactions of the coming day, which are now neglected, to the great waste of time, commodity, and resources.

To those who have no occasion to be out of their homes after midnight, and who appreciate nothing so much as the absolute closing up of the affairs of one day some five or six hours before the commencement of the next, suggestions of this sort may appear vexatious, and, in a sense, unorthodox; but what is their feeling of intolerance towards the restless world outside in comparison with the deplorable state of mind of the man who is compelled to go out and knows that he must rely entirely upon his own resources? London is growing so immense in size, and to such an extent have its inhabitants been compelled to adopt the plan of living in suburban districts, that it gets more and more irksome to be deprived of all common modes of moving from one place to another during certain hours. If any one connected with the business doubts the need for a public conveyance on important lines of traffic during the present prohibited hours, we would suggest a fair trial. Let it be publicly known that an omnibus will start from the terminus of one of our tramways, say, at one o'clock in the morning, at half-past two, and at four o'clock, and we are satisfied that there would be a good show of passengers, since those whose affairs occupy them in the sleeping hours would learn to time their engagements so as to get the benefit of this accommodation.

Some people think that the sittings of Parliament ought not to be kept up later than midnight; but it does not seem possible arbitrarily to limit the hours of work, and therefore the midnight train from Westminster inflicts inconvenience upon the Government without practically shortening debates. A train an hour or an hour and a half later would probably have a wholesome effect and clear the House.

We submit these matters to the consideration of the enterprising. The experiment would be easily made, and if it succeeded competition would do the rest.

A Rising Man.

Even in these times, when almost every member of Parliament contrives to get his name into the reports of the debates by making speeches or suggestions, by asking questions, or by presenting petitions with a "few remarks," it is possible to detect from among the ordinary run of representatives the new aspirant who has really some promise in him of the making of a statesman or a debater. Observers in the House and in the gallery think they have found such a man in Mr. Henry James, the member for Taunton. He has sat quietly in his place during two sessions, studying the forms of the assembly apparently, and awaiting his time. It is only during the last fortnight that he has presented himself before the critics in the character of a set speaker on important subjects, and he has done it in a manner to secure the ear of the occupants of the benches. Until now so much has Mr. James kept himself out of sight that probably very few persons beyond his own friends and his own constituency have any recollection of the curious history of the manner in which he found himself a member of Parliament. We need not take the trouble to recall the facts of the story, for here they are set out with perspicuity and absolute correctness by the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*:—

> One of the most rising members of the House of Commons is Mr. Henry James. He obtained admission into Parliament under rather remarkable circumstances. He was a candidate at Taunton at the general election, and was defeated by a majority of twenty-eight. His successful opponent was Serjeant Cox, the proprietor of the *Law Times*, the *Field*, and the *Queen* newspapers. It was, I believe, arranged that both sides should pay the expenses of their respective supporters in the Registrar's Court. But though Mr. James was defeated, and prepared to accept his defeat, certain members of the Liberal party at Taunton refused to be bound by the understanding, and petitioned against Serjeant Cox. On the petition being heard, the above-mentioned payments were held to be illegal, and twenty-nine of the Serjeant's votes were struck off, leaving him in a minority of one. Thereupon he said he should not pursue the matter. He had wished to be member for Taunton, but if he was not to be, he certainly should not go to the trouble and expense of preventing Mr. James from sitting. Thus Mr. James was declared elected, and this curious result was obtained—that he became M.P. because he was in a minority on the polling-day. If he had had a majority he might have been petitioned against, and unseated for doing that which was supposed to have been perfectly legitimate. As it is, the House of Commons has, by this curious incident, gained a notable addition to its debating power. Mr. James, who is fifty-one, but looks considerably younger, has all the fervour and *elan* of a trained orator. He never hesitates for a word. He always chooses the best word, and his speeches are a perfect rush and flood of eloquence, which, by their rapidity, tax to the uttermost the skill of the reporters. He has made two great speeches this session, one on Mr. Jacob Bright's Women's Suffrage Bill, which he opposed, and one in favour of the Ballot Bill. It is thought that Mr. James has a distinguished career before him.

October.

A visitor to the Royal Academy the other day, after referring to his catalogue, and giving his best consideration to the matter, told his little boy that the picture before them was the finest in the Exhibition, and he tried to throw an expression of profound appreciation into his face. The child was more frank; he evidently did not see it, and did not know why he should pretend to be impressed. They did their duty by the great oil painting, and passed on to the examination of more interesting subjects and more glowing scenes. The picture was Mr. Millais's "Chill October." It would be interesting to know the real opinion of spectators generally who look at this picture and move on to the next, then suddenly notice that it is by Millais, then remember that it has been talked about, and then go and stand before it and admire it. Perhaps, after all, the opinion generally of those who are competent to judge and those who are not art critics would not be found to differ so very widely. In the one and in the other would most likely be found the feeling that the artist has, with wonderful cleverness, fixed upon the canvas everything that was characteristic, in water, trees, and atmosphere, of a particularly uninteresting landscape in very unattractive and unpicturesque sort of weather. Constable used to make a study of commonplace scenery, but he got more into his pictures. The gossip of the hour is that:—

> Mr. Millais sold his landscape "Chill October" to Mr. Agnew, the picture dealer, for £1,500, and Mr. Agnew sold it again almost immediately to Mr. Sam Mendel, of Manchester, for £2,500.

The Free Libraries Act.

Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and many other large towns, have a great advantage over the metropolis in the matter of Free Libraries. The following passage from the *Croydon Times* is the absolute truth, and the sarcasm is not undeserved:—

> The City of London has no free library, no industrial museum, no instruction in chemistry, mechanics, drawing, and other sciences and arts useful in manufactures, open to the working and middle classes. But in the City of London clothworkers who have nothing to do with cloth, skinners who have nothing to do with skins, silk-weavers who never weave anything, and other representatives of old Guilds, spend more than one hundred thousand a year in feeding each other on all the delicacies of the season and entertaining a few titled or distinguished guests.

Now that we have an Elementary Education Act and a School Board for London this aspect of the education question ought to be considered. There is wealth enough in the metropolis, and there is, beyond question, a large industrial population, among whom thousands of adults are eager for the means of reading and self-improvement not now within their reach. London should lead the world in movements of this sort. We ought to have a free library and reading room which should be a model to all the town councils in the kingdom.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth at *about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—THE PLAIN TRUTH.—If people will only use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S PREPARATIONS, they will have no trouble about their Hair. Mrs. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER will positively and certainly restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises—the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s. (Separate preparations—not at all necessary to be used together.)—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [366

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 284. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

COUNTRY LIFE.

Dangerous Litigation.

A good many Town Councillors have been thrown into a flutter by a recent decision in the Court of Queen's Bench in the case of "The Queen *v.* the Corporation of Sheffield." That body some time ago incurred expenses amounting to something like £2,500, in opposing, before magistrates, and in Parliament, the action of the Sheffield Water Company. Those who are familiar with the conduct of public business in provincial towns are aware that a conflict of opinion often arises, between the local authorities and public companies entrusted by Parliament with such duties and obligations as that of supplying the inhabitants with water. Quarrels between town corporations and water companies are, indeed, very plentiful in the law courts and in the committees of the Houses of Parliament on local Bills, and legal gentlemen have made vast sums of money out of the losers and winners in these conflicts. When the local authorities have lost their cause, the ratepayers have been in the habit of finding the money wherewith to meet the account, and, under ordinary circumstances, not much popular dissatisfaction has been expressed; for the public, as a rule, do not object to be parties to a great lawsuit, and it is tacitly understood that the fun and the excitement are quite worth the money. The decision in the Sheffield case has suddenly introduced a great change in the conditions under which these battles are to be fought. The Court of Queen's Bench declares that Town Councils have no power to spend the ratepayers' money in opposing Bills of local companies in Parliament, and the result is that the members of the Sheffield Town Council will have to pay the £2,500 out of their own private purses, although it was clearly shown that the inhabitants generally were of the same mind as the Town Council in the matter of opposing the Water Company's Bill. The result is that a short Bill has been introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Mundella and others, with the object of amending the Municipal Corporations Act, so as to give these bodies power to promote and oppose Bills in Parliament and to do other acts that may be necessary for the protection of the public; and the corporations of the principal towns in England have been called upon to memorialise Parliament in favour of the measure. We have before us several reports of Town Council meetings whereat this question has been discussed and the memorial agreed to. This Bill will, no doubt, be passed, and the whole subject would be rather dry and uninteresting were it not for the rather amusing alarm evinced by some of these bodies as to the possible retrospective action of the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench. Nothing has been more common in the proceedings of Town Councils than to incur liabilities in opposing local Bills in Parliament, and the invariable plan, hitherto, has been to pay the cost out of the borough fund. It would be very hard upon some of the gentlemen representing their fellow-townsmen in the local parliament to be called upon to refund, from their private resources, all the amounts spent by them in litigation in their corporate capacity. On this subject they will, perhaps, think the less that is said the better. Of this policy the Bath Town Council have set a discreet example, as the following passage from a report of their last meeting testifies:—

> Mr. Bright said that if the Sheffield people had had their quarrels with public companies, Bath people had had theirs. He remembered that in the interests of the public they opposed the gas company when they were last before Parliament, and he should like to know how the expenses were met.
>
> Mr. B. Bartrum: There's no doubt they are all paid.
>
> Mr. J. S. Bartrum: You had better say nothing more about it.
>
> Mr. Bright: Then I will not.

Not quite the same reticence was observed by these gentlemen in reference to the Sheffield case, for in the speech of Mr. Lewis we find the passage:—

> The corporation of Sheffield had been squabbling with public companies for years; in fact it had become a matter of notoriety, and this appeared to be the result of the squabbling.

As a set-off against this judgment, however, we have the words of the Lord Chief Justice in giving judgment in the case, quoted by Mr. Gibbs at this Bath meeting:—

> The Lord Chief Justice and all the other judges concurred on the point of law, as well as in regretting that they were obliged to give the decision; in the words of the judgment, the position taken by the corporation was "meritorious and in the real interests of the borough."

Gas Making in Leeds.

Recently in this column we made a note of the immense amount of money expended by the Leeds Town Council in street and other public improvements. From a carefully compiled article in the *Leeds Mercury*, we learn many interesting particulars of another great undertaking upon which that corporation has entered within the last year. The municipal authorities are now the manufacturers of gas for that large town. Interesting as the subject must be to the inhabitants of other provincial towns, we cannot afford space for a history of the lighting of the streets of Leeds, but we will quote from the article before us a few salient passages.

> Something might be said as to the kinds of coal used, the best and the worst, the mixtures, the prices, the quantity of tar produced, the quantity of coke, how many thousand feet of gas are obtained per ton, and so on. . . . . Some conception of the interest attaching to this branch of the subject may be derived from two facts—one, that a celebrated coal, which was the subject of a celebrated trial to ascertain whether it was coal, once fetched as much as £4 per ton, being unrivalled in its oil and gas-producing qualities, and having still an inordinately high value; the other, that the coals from which gas in Leeds was manufactured by the companies, averaged for years latterly less than 10s. per ton.
>
> Previous to the introduction of gas, Leeds, as well as other towns of consequence, had its streets lighted with oil lamps. In some places the remembrance of this flickering kind of illumination is recalled by odd stories of how Russian sailors occasionally stole the oil and passed it down their throats.
>
> The first record of local legislation we have met with carries us back to 1755, when an Act was obtained for, amongst other things, "the enlightening of the streets and lanes."
>
> Leeds was first lighted with gas in 1819, February the 4th.

This date proves Leeds to have been early in the field in the adaptation of coal gas to the lighting of streets. The first mention we can find of a public street illuminated with coal gas is the case of Pall Mall, lighted on one side only, in January, 1807. The next instance recorded is that of Westminster Bridge, on the last day of the year 1812. It was not till 1823 that the metropolis generally was lighted with gas.

There were an old and a new gas company in Leeds since 1833, but they worked comfortably together, and the public did not profit by the competition of the two bodies. Two years ago the question of buying up the companies was seriously canvassed by the Town Council. When this body began to negotiate the shares were quoted at £118 for £100 stock, but the action of the corporation sent them up very soon to £125:—

> In addition to payment of expenses of winding up, &c., the Town Clerk, by letter, taking 4½ per cent. as the value of money, being the rate the corporation had borrowed at on the average of the last three years, and taking the value of the stock, estimated on this basis, at £141 per £100, or £23 premium on the selling price in August, offered a six per cent. irredeemable stock in exchange. This offer the directors did not consider adequate compensation, but deputations for conference were appointed. The conference terminated without agreement.
>
> On the 7th February the corporation renewed its offer of a six per cent. stock, or, as an alternative, £140 in cash for each £100 of stock, at the option of the shareholder. Again the terms were refused, and the corporation had then to make up its mind to face Parliament.
>
> The proceedings were opened before the committee of the House of Commons on the 22nd March, 1870. The Mayor (Mr. Alderman Joy) and the Town Clerk were examined in support, and next day it was announced that the corporation and the two companies had come to terms, the directors of the latter agreeing to recommend the acceptance of the offer of £140 for each £100 of stock.
>
> The actual transfer of the undertakings took place on the 1st September, 1870. The amount paid to the old company, including payment in lieu of dividend accruing, was £366,108 15s. 7d., and in addition there were of liabilities, mortgages amounting in the aggregate to £42,500, and debenture stock £15,000, being a total debt of £57,500. The sum handed over to the new company was £330,334 16s., and the transfer was subject to £59,285 of debenture stock.

So that the cost of purchase to the corporation was nearly £900,000. The amount seems enormous. The mention of such a sum would certainly have very much surprised those who undertook to illuminate the streets of Leeds with oil lamps upwards of a century ago. But the manufacture of gas, almost everywhere profitable, has been especially profitable in Leeds, notwithstanding the large outlay of capital. The maximum dividend allowed by the Acts was six per cent., but at a recent Town Council meeting it was stated that in the last half year of the existence of the companies:—

> The New Company had, in round numbers, £4,000, and the Old Company £3,000, more than paid the expenses and the dividend; so that the two companies would have a surplus of something like £14,000 a year after paying expenses and dividend.
>
> On taking possession of the property acquired for the town at so vast an outlay, the corporation found that, in addition to the extensive series of works in various parts of the borough, there had been acquired in connection with the Old Company a ramification of 200 miles of mains, and in connection with the New Company of 230 miles. . . . . The borough contains thirty-four square miles.
>
> The works are capable of producing daily a maximum of 4,368,200 cubic feet of gas. The minimum quantity produced is 1,088,700 cubic feet.

The municipal electors of Leeds appear to have been fortunate in the election of an able body of men to manage local affairs.

The Provincial Daily Press.

In these days of educational movements the progress of the provincial daily press is a subject of great interest. There was reason to fear, when the country began to compete in the field with the metropolis, that the tone of the press might be lowered to local standards, and that by relinquishing a London in favour of a provincial morning paper the readers of news and social and political discourse would descend from a higher to an inferior level. This has not been the case. Almost at a bound the provincial dailies rose superior to the general tone and character of the provincial weeklies; and to-day there are papers published in the large towns of the kingdom equal in quality to the national journals of any country in the world.

We are pleased to note the success of the last new paper of this class. The *Birmingham Morning News* was started on the 1st January, under the editorship of Mr. George Dawson. Here is an editorial note which appeared in that journal on the 1st of July, bearing pretty clearly the mark upon it of the editor's style and mode of address:—

> The *Birmingham Morning News* is now six months old, and we take the opportunity of saying a few words about it. Some of our friends are so true and hearty that they will rejoice to hear that we are satisfied with the success achieved in so short a time; and, as nothing succeeds like success, we feel sure that our paper has a long and prosperous life before it. Those who have helped our start will support our course; and as for those who have refused us sympathy or help, we shall compel their aid, and, perhaps, their praise; for "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself."

This paper occupies a special position. Its management is in many respects different from that of its contemporaries. Not only does it report very fully, but it educates its readers in local affairs, running back on the history of public movements in Birmingham and the Midland Counties. It has two strong competitors to encounter in the field of local journalism, but, inasmuch as it takes new ground, we have no doubt it will be found to prosper without inflicting a corresponding injury on its neighbours. The history of journalism and periodical literature offers many such examples.

Discipline.

There are magistrates in the north-west counties entertaining, it appears, a lingering faith in the efficacy of corporeal punishment in the management of conjugal relations. These are the particulars of a matrimonial assault at a place called Delamere:—

> Hannah Edwards said that on Saturday her husband knocked a dish of water out of her hand, and trampled where she had cleaned with his wet feet. She went on cleaning the house, and in removing a slate, upon which he marked his notes, she accidentally dropped and broke it. He met her and beat her on the head with his hands. She went into the kitchen, where he followed her, inflicted a black eye, and abused her fearfully about the head. He frequently pinched her and made her flesh black.

The defence we place by itself:—

> The defendant pleaded guilty to doing what his wife had stated, to some extent. He did not touch her with his fist but slapped her face. It was quite an accident if his knuckle catched her eye, but it was only a superficial injury. She had given him great provocation for several days before, and broke the slate wilfully and spitefully.

The magistrates of the Eddisbury Bench are not carried away by any new-fangled notions about the rights of women. They were struck with the force of the unfortunate man's defence, and gave judgment thus:—

> The Chairman said the magistrates thought it very probable that the complainant had aggravated her husbad, though he did very wrong to strike her; at the same time, she must remember that it was her duty to obey her husband, and do everything to make him comfortable. They dismissed the case this time, and hoped that she would not have occasion to trouble them in future.

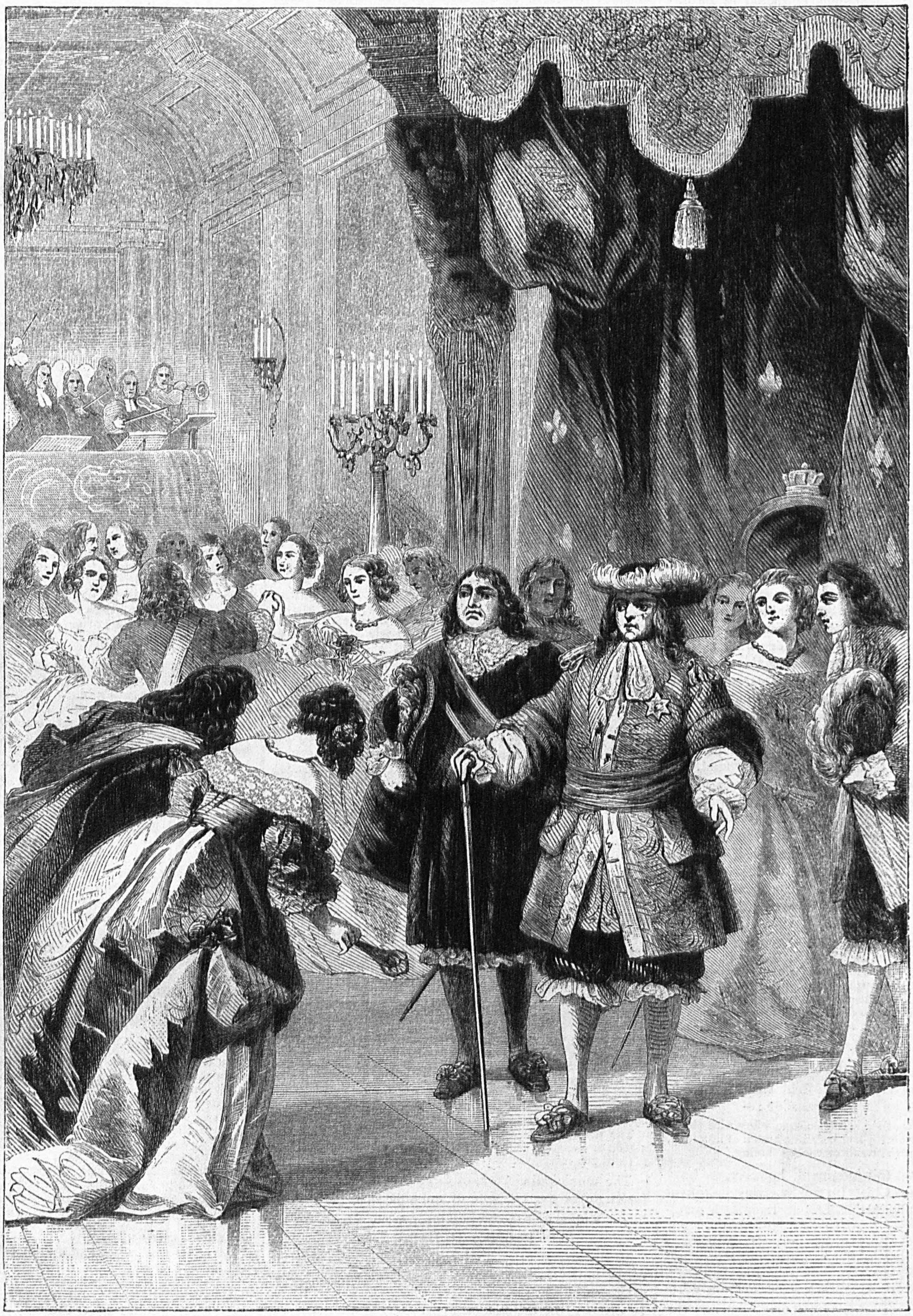
Mrs. Edwards gets a black eye from her husband and a lecture from the magistrates. Since then we trust Mr. Edwards's home has been made comfortable.

Bicycle Practice.

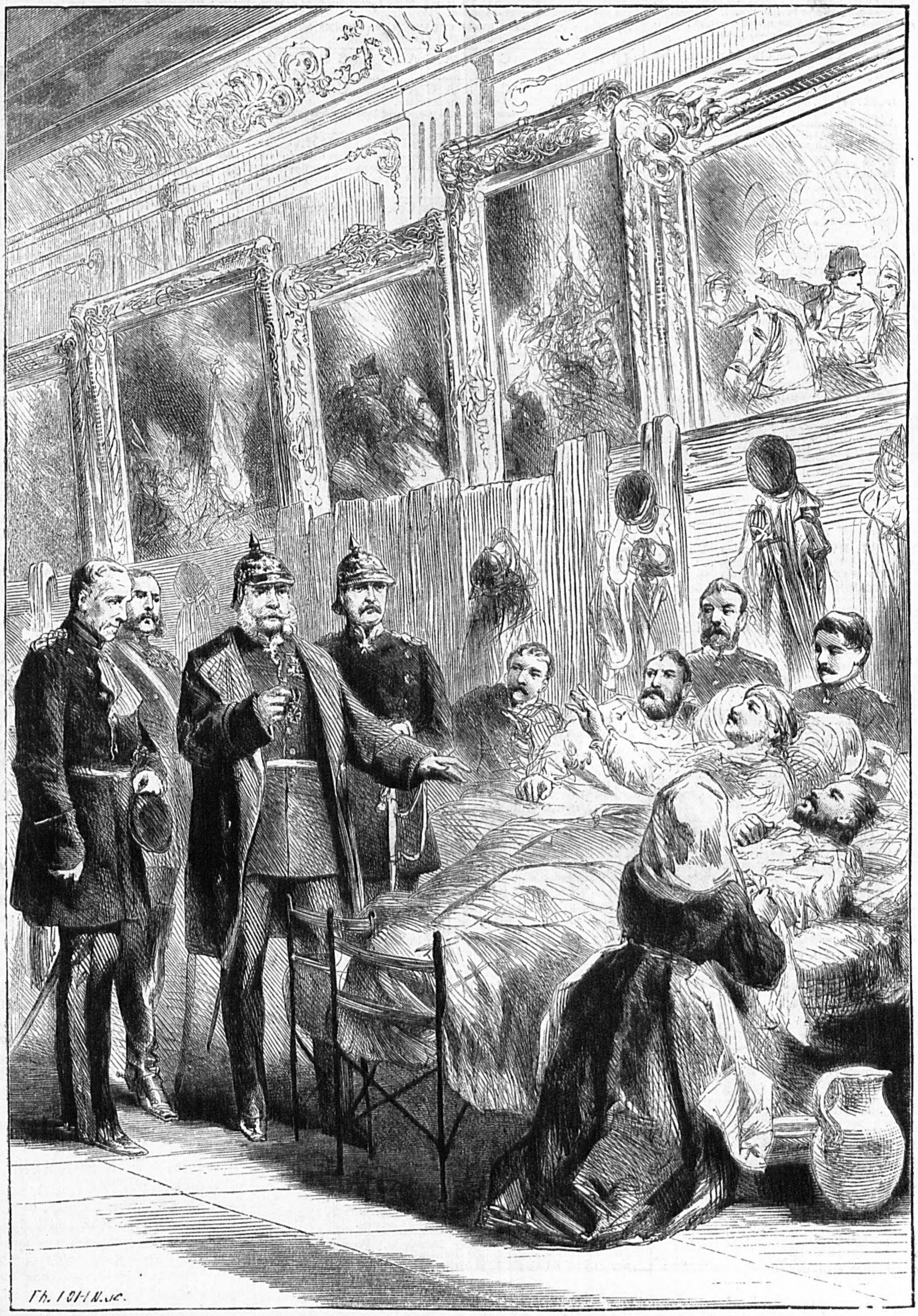
A discussion is going on in the West of England with respect to the rights and privileges of bicycle riders. In certain towns of Somersetshire, it appears, an attempt has been, or is being, made to limit the circulation of these modern velocipedes by means of local bye-laws, on the plea that this form of locomotion is dangerous and leads to accidents. It may be that the bicycle adds somewhat to the perils of the streets, but we must confess that, to our mind, whatever objection lies against the velocipede lies with stronger force against horses, cabs, carriages, omnibuses, and butchers' carts, and, since we are not permitted to stop these vehicles from circulating, it is hardly fair to interfere with the new machine. The bicycle has found several earnest champions, whose defence assumes the form of letters to the *Bristol Mirror*, wherefrom we take the liberty of making two or three brief extracts:—

> As regards the use of the bicycle upon the high roads, no law but one enacted by the Government could put down the use of this machine. Even then it must be proved by the best judges to be an essential evil. Consequently no one, no matter by whom authorised, can stop a person from decently proceeding in his own fashion. The road by law is free to all Her Majesty's subjects. But we are at full liberty to fine, tax, and otherwise punish all reckless and disorderly persons or anything liable to abuse. Perambulators upon causeways, or persons driving and such like, must be included in the same category. . . . The magistrates of Wells, Taunton, and other towns, who have taken proceedings against bicycle riding, may benefit by the information.
>
> I think it would be a very gross and arbitrary act to attempt to stop the general use of so perfectly harmless, and, at the same time, so invigorating an instrument, mostly now tyred with India-rubber two inches thick, and used throughout England by tens of thousands of the people, who must be strictly sober people.
>
> Permit me, as a bicycle rider who has travelled some hundreds of miles, to answer the objections that are raised against the use of that machine, by stating that it is not essentially a street nuisance, and cannot be proved to be so more than any ordinary vehicle, for there is no mode of locomotion which does not occasionally cause accident more or less serious. In crossing a street, the same vigilance which will enable one to avoid a cab, omnibus, or butcher's cart, will ensure safety from accident through a bicycle.

Bicycle riding is rare in London, in consequence, probably, of the danger the rider might incur. In some towns, even of great population, it is very general. The streets of Birmingham, for instance, are thronged with traffic, and yet bicycle riding is pursued to a great extent, and almost without accidents. We think some of the most skilful managers of the bicycle in England are to be seen steering their way at high speed among the vehicles and between the pedestrians in that great midland town. We must learn to tolerate this machine as one of the innovations of the age.



VERSAILLES, 1671.



VERSAILLES, 1871.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GRAND SALOON
SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.
BERTRAM and ROBERTS,
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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JULY 8, 1871.

OUR illustrations this week are full of materials for sober reflection. The contrast between Versailles in 1671 and 1871 is one which may well make the proudest nation pause. "Paris as it Was" brings back to one's mind the whole story of the war and its terrible culmination. The city is already beginning to show signs of renewed vitality. Thousands of masons are at work restoring the palaces. France has subscribed the loan with an easy liberality which is surprising. It is a pity that our neighbours do not confine their efforts to the work of restoration. Already they are beginning to talk of the war of retaliation which is to come. Even M. THIERS encourages the mad desires of the people in this direction, despite that incident of Versailles which we illustrate this week; despite that Conference at Frankfort; despite the thousands of fresh graves that cover the land. France has a bright and glorious future if she devotes herself to the arts of peace. Extinction may follow another hasty war. It is becoming the fashion to say that the siege of Paris shall be avenged in ten years' time. Wise statesmen and writers who really love France will do their duty in putting aside as much as possible all thoughts of vengeance and retaliation.

THE returns of the supplementary elections in France show a majority for the supporters of M. THIERS. The Radical candidates have been successful in some of the large towns, but on the whole the elections may be considered satisfactory in the interests of peace and order. M. GAMBETTA has been returned for Paris. This, it is feared, will give encouragement to further political plots and counterplots. M. THIERS, however, seems perfectly satisfied with his position.

THE arguments for and against what is called "The Army Regulation Bill" have been completely revived upon a motion by Mr. GRAVES. There is evidently a growing feeling in the House against the Bill. The *Times* nevertheless believes the measure will pass. If Mr. GLADSTONE really makes a point of passing it, no doubt the majority which back him will give him their support. If the question is really to rest upon its merits, the Bill will not pass. If it is to be made a party question, the prophecy of the *Times* will no doubt come true, but why the measure, as the *Standard* suggests, should not be made complete, the Government have never yet been able to say. Their constant plea is that they have been pressed to undertake this work. They certainly were not pressed to bring in a measure merely for the abolition of purchase. The cry of the country was for a complete revision of our army system, and a large and important extension of our home defences. They asked for a Government Regulation Bill, and this was promised in the Queen's Speech. It was promised by various Ministers, and a Bill embracing those promises was brought in. The measure had many faults, it is true, but on the whole it presented the basis for an excellent revision of our military system, and to this extent it was supported by the House of Commons. The Government, however, have cut the Bill in two, and they offer us the worser half of it. We cannot help thinking that the best course for the Government to take would be to withdraw the Bill altogether, and bring in a complete measure. The question is not one of party. The country will be with any Government which responds to the demand for such a measure as shall place our home defences on an efficient and proper footing.

SUMMER.

IT has been a beautiful year for roses. They have been plentiful, perfect, and cheap, ranging from a penny a bunch to a penny each; and judging from the number we have bought ourselves, we should imagine the flower girls have done a good trade in "button-holes." Our artist, attracted by the breath of roses, peeped in at an open window the other day, near Regent's Park, and on our first page he gives us a reminiscence of his prying. If King Phanor could have heard the gushing account our artist unfolded of his peep, he would have dropped his "not," and exclaimed, "I would be there!" But most of the roses have lived through their "sunshine daye," and what are left to us have lost the comfort of "June's caress," and will not survive long, especially if they are introduced to London life, for then they soon fall with a consumptive droop and die. Yes, we shall soon have got to the last rose of summer, and then winter will come and leave us without a rose at all. No, we shall still have roses (of the species represented by "The Two Roses" on our first page) that will bloom and be still as pretty when the snow is on the ground.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

No. III.—On Tapestry.

It is nearly thirty years since the skilful director of the dyeing at Gobelins, judging art matters with the high impartiality given by experience and scientific knowledge, wrote as follows in his fine work on the contrast of colours:—"The symmetry and uniformity of the ridges in tapestry are opposed to the lights being equally vivid and the shadows as vigorous as they are in a picture, for if the ridges darken the lights, the projecting portions of the threads forming the shadows have the disadvantage of weakening them by the light which they reflect." M. Chevreul, ruled by the secular customs of the establishment of which he directed the most essential technical part, and reminded by the sight of the pictures by great masters that they had been copying them for so long a time, nevertheless made an exception in the nature of the models to give to the upholsterers. To elevate, said he, the effects of tapestry as near as possible to those of painting, it is necessary, first of all, that the objects represented be of such a size that the apparent and inevitable largeness of the tissue may in no wise alter the form of the outlines; and, still more, that in the models copied the colours shall be the most lively and the most contrasted possible, in order that the lines which define the different objects may be the most distinct, and the lights and shadows totally different. Does not this, in a word, condemn the detestable custom of taking from our museums works, such as those of Rubens for example, only to produce in the tapestry factories, at a great expense of time and labour, very curious but useless copies, much inferior in execution, looking at their preservation, to the pictures themselves, damaged as they must already be by the action of time? As to accuracy it is very questionable.

Is it not known, in fact, that in painting all is nothing but illusion, and that the freshest pink of a woman's face, the warmest tint of a sky, owe their brilliancy and intensity to clever contrasts well managed and sometimes hidden by the genius of the master? The difficulty, then, is very great when it becomes necessary to find in the scale of coloured threads an actual equivalent to the magic tint of the picture; but when it becomes a question of shadows, one is stopped in the face of a material impossibility. The woollen or silken thread is cylindrical, so that it becomes a question of vertical ribs formed by the warp or of pieces of the woof which cover it transversely. But a longitudinal section of a shining cylinder, so small that one might suppose it to be the curve, always reflects the light, which just falls on the projecting portion, and leaves in half tint on each side the turning and sloping parts of the thread. There is, then, as explained above by M. Chevreul, a quantity of light introduced *mal àpropos* by the reflection on each of the threads into the masses of shadow in the tapestry, which seeks in vain to struggle with the concentrated effects of the picture which it is desired to reproduce. Hence that dusty aspect, soft, calm, if you will, which characterises our costly and curious reproductions made at Gobelins. M. Chevreul would wish to have given for models to these so patient and ingeniously clever artists pictures with fresh and lively tints, with effects of shade and light strongly shown—and he is quite right; but then it is not pictures that should be chosen—it is decorative compositions, conceived, executed first of all as such, afterwards transposed, if wished, in the soft and velvet tones of tapestry. Let us make a distinction when it is a question of shadow and light. It is the equilibrium between these two bodies, the poise which one ought to find in the model, and not the parts taken, as those of Rembrandt, for example, who often drowns a whole picture in the mysteries of shadow, in order to emphasise a single point by a bright light. Tapestry does not exclude the brilliancy of vivid colours on a black ground—we will not say on shadow; but it ought to spread it—to distribute it, as must be understood in decorative art. The dark surface ought not to appear to deepen when looked at as in a picture, the varnished surface of which absorbs the light; but it ought to have the same plane and the same solidity as the most lively colour which it supports and which is incorporated with it. The effect of a bouquet of roses seen in nature, when backed by a deep shadow, can never be like that of the same flower embroidered in carmine-coloured silk on black satin by a Japanese artist. The dark but brilliant tissue will also shine in the light, and this deep tone does not in any way remind us of the effect of shade nor of its mysteries of which the *chiaroscuro* in a picture might give us an idea. In painting all is conventional; in decorative art all is reality. And the proof is that in this art of tapestry, in which there remains so much to be done, it is not a question of outlines or colours. It is with the nature of the tissue itself that one must deal; one must know how to make use of its monotonous regularity, or cleverly profit by the modifications which may be introduced by a new manufacture well directed like that of which we have just seen new samples in the establishment of Saint-Maur. To make ourselves better understood, let us take for example a tapestry of the size we have there seen, and on which flame-coloured humming birds and insects of variegated metallic green, like that which adorns the plumage of the peacock, are represented sparkling on a plain deep black. Here the brilliancy of the cheerful tones is intensified by a clever disposition of the tissue, which reproduces exactly the effect of raised embroidery. The black ground, instead of being formed in vertical ridges as those of rep, is woven in plain satin de laine. Sometimes the ornaments, the flowers, or birds rise in relief on a field bright or deep; sometimes they seem to be figured on it in hollows; still more the colourist's sense of touch, which marks the movement of the plumage, of the petals, of the foliage, is varied in all directions, and the same thread of silk coloured with the same tint will thus present itself to the sight under very different aspects. To spread all this life and ardour over the mute designs of the painter, it will only be necessary to seasonably modify some dispositions in setting up the loom. Mechanics, far from deteriorating the first composition of the industrial artist, will introduce into it, on the contrary, a new charm by those unexpected developments which it gives to the particular brilliancy of each of the colours. And that which is true of a tissue of unlimited size, like the black ground tapestry which we have just cited, is none the less so when it refers to an idea conceived in calculated proportions—as for example a grand doorway executed after a composition of Berain, who in the fabric of Saint-Maur recalls those traditions of the great decorative art which our modern industry ought never to lose sight of. Every one knows those grand high panels in which is revived a distant recollection of the ornamental frescoes of antiquity, but which represent better still the pomp and measured ostentation of the fair days of Versailles under Louis XIV. The fanciful figures, the bouquets and foliage, are there interlaced in exact proportion, and with a sort of rhythmical cadence with the lines of ornamentation, sober without being meagre, and rich without confusion—that is to say, that a simple design suffices to give a complete idea of Berain's style. Suppose now that the tapestry loom be set in such a manner that it allows our manufacturer to reproduce indefinitely the outlines of this master design, and that it be possible at the same time to vary infinitely the tone and order of the coloured threads which give it life—in what field are the imagination and activity of the decorative and industrial artist to move which could modulate in some way an infinite number of shades of colour on that invariable theme of a model design in which proportions, meanings, spaces are linked in skilful harmony?

In matching the colours thus used in the construction of the design, each detail may be successively modified by patterns of new tones; at the bottom of silk brilliant as gold, the dullest black wool would be substituted, the complexions and drapery of the fanciful little figures will be revived or deadened at pleasure. In a word, the automatic order of the loom, far from being a fetter to the liberty of the artist, will enable him to make a number of combinations which will release this new manufacture from the narrow and hard bond which machinery generally imposes on industry—that of only seeking its benefits in the indefinite repetition of the same objects in the same shape.

J. Grangedor.

VERSAILLES, 1671.—VERSAILLES, 1871.

If it be true that good wine needs no bush, it is also true that a good picture needs no recommendation, nor does it need any explanation, beyond putting the reader on the scent. Two works of this description will be found on pages 272 and 273. It was a happy thought of the artist—finely conceived and well carried out. The sketches form an historical romance in two chapters. The story is written with an artist's pencil, is founded on fact, and has a good moral. The first picture gives us a chapter from the history of Versailles as it was two hundred years ago, when Louis XIV. was in all his grandeur, ruling at the head of splendour, luxury, and immorality. Louis spent two hundred millions of dollars in creating a palace and park for the better carrying on of magnificent luxury, sensuality, and gluttony. The second sketch gives a chapter from modern history, and shows the result of the frippery and foolery of past ages. The palace has become a hospital, and wealth and glitter are reduced to starvation and ruination.

A writer in *Belgravia* (Felix M. Whitehurst) for this month has hit the same nail on the head. He says:—"I have no doubt that the Radicals in England will assert that all the decadence of France has come from the corrupt rule of the fallen Empire. *I advise them to get down their books, and study the history of France since the reign of Louis XIV.* They will, I think, find a picture or series of pictures, each worse than the last. Even the citizen government of 1830 was, when not utterly colourless, stained with immorality; and, in my opinion, it was reserved for the Second Empire—not without great trouble—to rescue Paris from an abyss of vulgar crime. No one can deny that refinement increased immensely during the last ten years of imperial rule."

> Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
> The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
> 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
> Between a splendid and a happy land.

This is no doubt the artist's text, and he has preached his sermon in the pictures we have given. We are reminded, too, of another couplet from "The Deserted Village," appropriate to the subject:—

> Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Louis XIV. was not considered a lunatic, although he firmly believed himself a deity. We have nothing now left but our reason to prove that he was not a deity, but if a god, it must certainly have been of the lower regions. And still there are two sides to every question, and one tale is only good till another is told. What Napoleon III. did for Paris, Louis XIV. did for Versailles. He made it a thing of beauty and a joy for at least two hundred years. It has been the wonder of all travellers, and his work has thrilled thousands of hearts with the pleasure of admiration, which is a great pleasure and a wholesome one. All things of beauty give the mind a lift in the right direction; so that the case stands thus:—Louis created things of beauty—Louis was a good man, and so he was in the sense that no man is thoroughly bad, that the blackest cloud has a silver lining, and that about the worst of all bad things there is a redeeming quality.

Mark Twain went to Versailles, and he exclaims:—"It is wonderfully beautiful! You gaze, and stare, and try to understand that it is real, that it is on the earth, that it is not the Garden of Eden—but your brain grows giddy, stupefied by the world of beauty around you, and you half believe you are the dupe of an exquisite dream. The scene thrills one like military music! A noble palace, stretching its ornamented front block upon block away, till it seemed that it would never end; a grand promenade before it, whereon the armies of an empire might parade; all about it rainbows of flowers, and colossal statues that were almost numberless, and yet seemed only scattered over the ample space; broad flights of stone steps leading down from the promenade to lower grounds of the park—stairways that whole regiments might stand to arms upon and have room to spare; vast mountains whose great bronze effigies discharged rivers of sparkling water into the air and mingled a hundred curling jets together in forms of matchless beauty; wide grass-carpeted avenues that branched hither and thither in every direction and wandered to seemingly interminable distances, walled all the way on either side with compact ranks of leafy trees whose branches met above and formed arches as faultless and as symmetrical as ever were carved in stone; and here and there were glimpses of sylvan lakes with miniature ships glassed in their surfaces. And everywhere—on the palace steps and the great promenade, around the fountains, among the trees, and far under the arches of the endless avenues, hundreds and hundreds of people in gay costumes walked or ran or danced, and gave to the fairy picture the life and animation which was all of perfection it could have lacked.

"It was worth a pilgrimage to see. Everything is on so gigantic a scale. Nothing is small—nothing is cheap. The statues are all large; the palace is grand; the park covers a fair-sized county; the avenues are interminable. All the distances and all the dimensions about Versailles are vast. I used to think the pictures exaggerated these distances and these dimensions beyond all reason, and that they made Versailles more beautiful than it was possible for any place in the world to be. I know now that the pictures never came up to the subject in any respect, and that no painter could represent Versailles on canvas as beautiful as it is in reality. I used to abuse Louis XIV. for spending two hundred millions of dollars in creating this marvellous park, when bread was so scarce with some of his subjects; but I have forgiven him now. He took a tract of land sixty miles in circumference, and set to work to make this park and build this palace and a road to it from Paris. He kept 36,000 men employed daily on it, and the labour was so unhealthy that they used to die and be hauled off by cart-loads every night.

"We walked through the great hall of sculpture and the one hundred and fifty galleries of paintings in the palace of Versailles, and felt that to be in such a place was useless unless one had a whole year at his disposal. These pictures are all battle scenes, and only one solitary little canvas among them all treats of anything but great French victories. We wandered, also, through the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon, those monuments of royal prodigality, and with histories so mournful—filled as it is with souvenirs of Napoleon the First, and three dead Kings and as many Queens. In one sumptuous bed they had all slept in succession, but no one occupies it now. In a large dining-room stood the table at which Louis XIV. and his mistress, Madame Maintenon, and after them Louis XV. and Pompadour, had sat at their meals naked and unattended—for the table stood upon a trap-door, which descended with it to regions below when it was necessary to replenish its dishes. In a room of the Petit Trianon stood the furniture, just as poor Marie Antoinette left it when the mob came and dragged her and the King to Paris, never to return. Near at hand, in the stables, were prodigious carriages that showed no colour but gold—carriages used by former Kings of France on state occasions, and never used now save when a kingly head is to be crowned, or an imperial infant christened. And with them were some curious sleighs, whose bodies were shaped like lions, swans, tigers, &c.—vehicles that had once been handsome with pictured designs and fine workmanship, but were dusty and decaying now. They had their history. When Louis XIV. had finished the Grand Trianon, he told Maintenon he had created a Paradise for her, and asked if she could think of anything now to wish for. He said he wished the Trianon to be perfection—nothing less. She said she could think but of one thing; it was summer and it was balmy France, yet she would like well to sleigh-ride in the leafy avenues of Versailles! The next morning found miles and miles of grassy avenues spread thick with snowy salt and sugar, and a procession of those quaint sleighs waiting to receive the chief concubine of the gayest and most unprincipled Court that France has ever seen."

NEW MUSIC.

(Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford-street, W.)

Guillaume Tell. Arranged by Charles Solomon.

I Dreamed. Song. Words by R. E. Francillon. Composed by John Barnett.

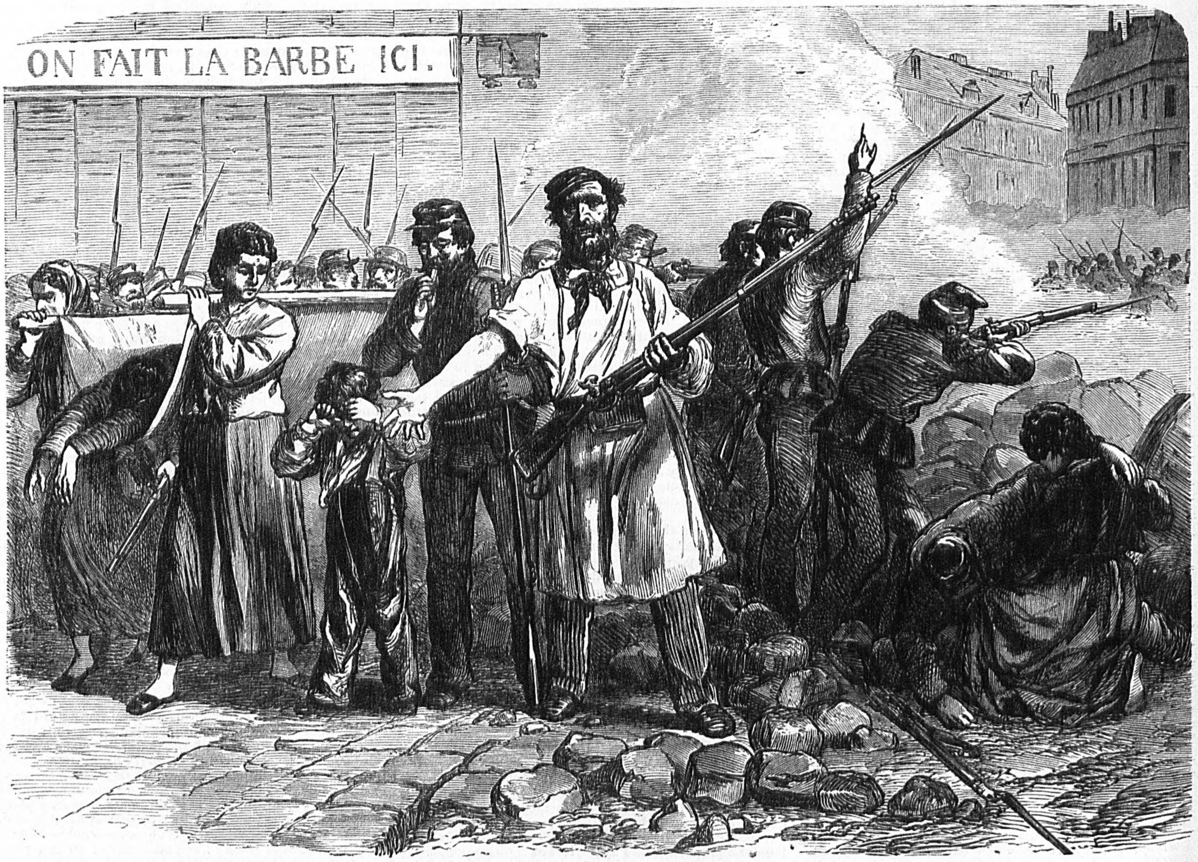
Song of the Sylph. Caprice for piano. By Boyton Smith.

The Dear Emerald Isle. Words by E. L. Blanchard. Composed by W. C. Levey.

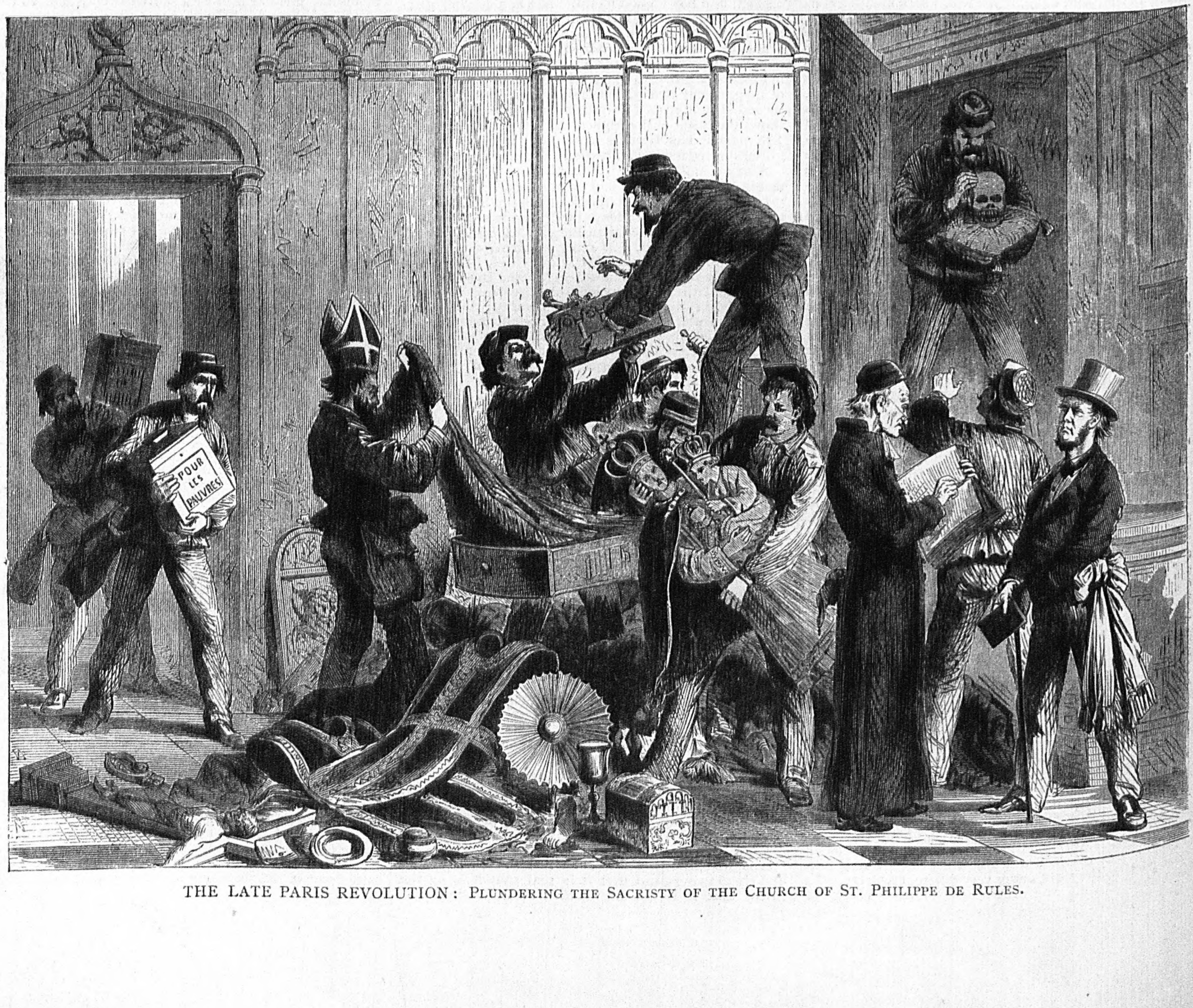
The Angel of Thy Love. Words by Lady John Manners. Composed by Virginia Gabriel.

Whispering from the Sea. Words by F. Robson. Music by G. Richardson.

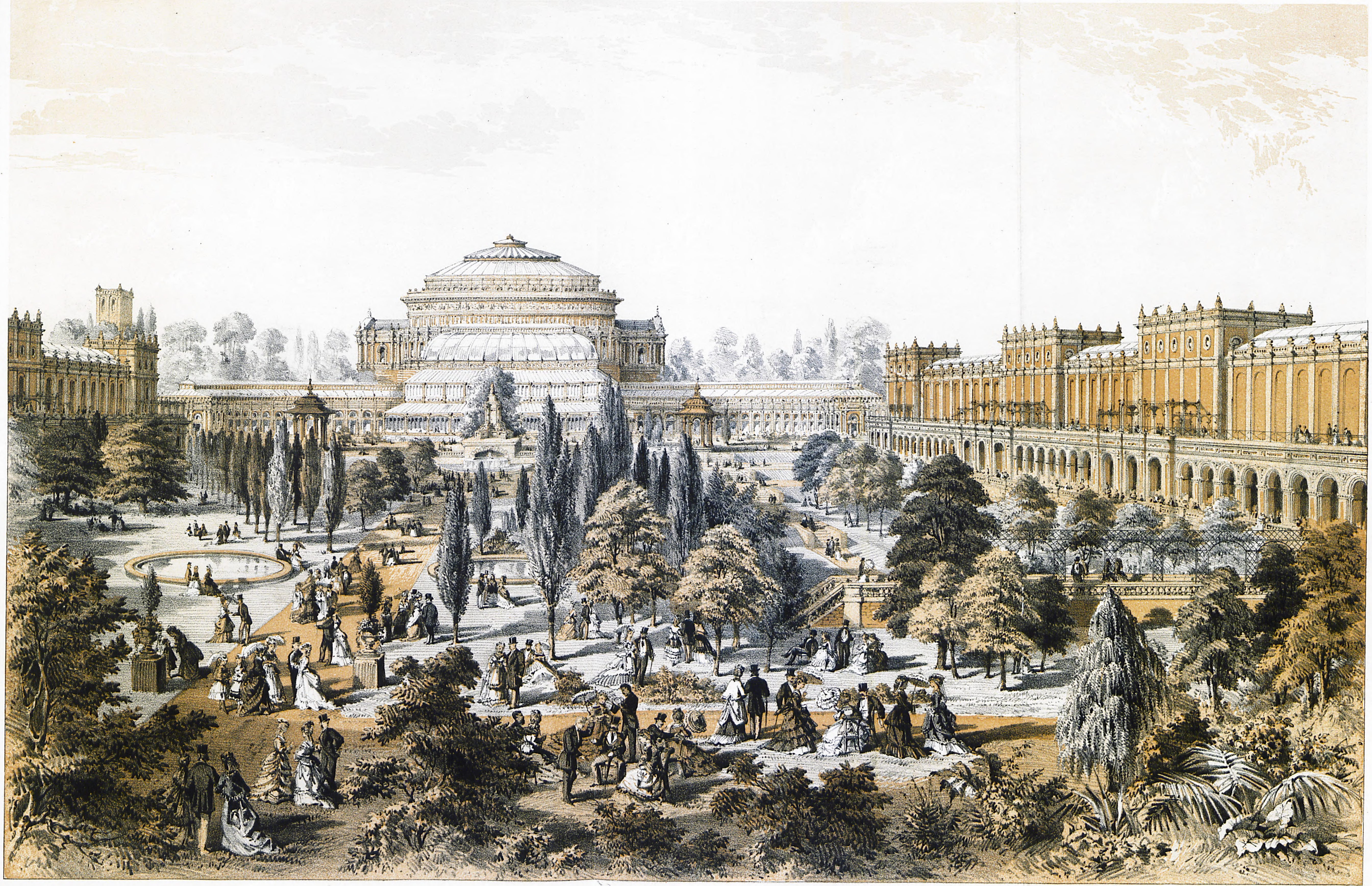
Mr. C. N. Parker writes to the *Times* denying that the length of the Tichborne case will be unexampled. He mentions that some few hundred years ago there arose a dispute regarding a bearing in the coat of arms of the Rutland family and the right of another great house to its adoption. On this trial Chaucer gave evidence. It lasted through one whole century and the latter part of the preceding and former part of the succeeding one.


ON FAIT LA BARBE ICI.

THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: A Barricade at Asnieres.

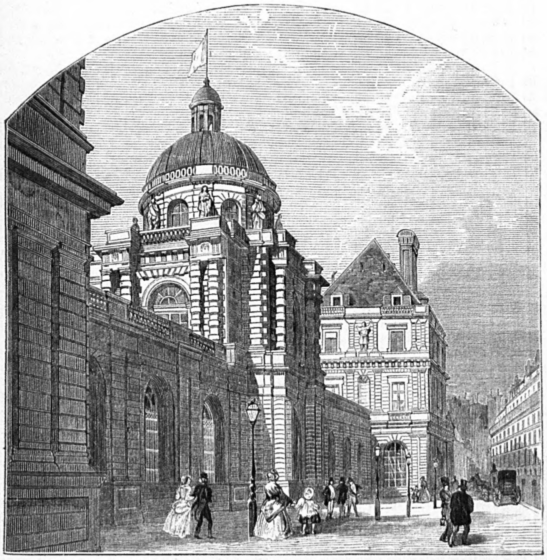

POUR LES PAUVRES

THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: Plundering the Sacristy of the Church of St. Philippe de Rules.

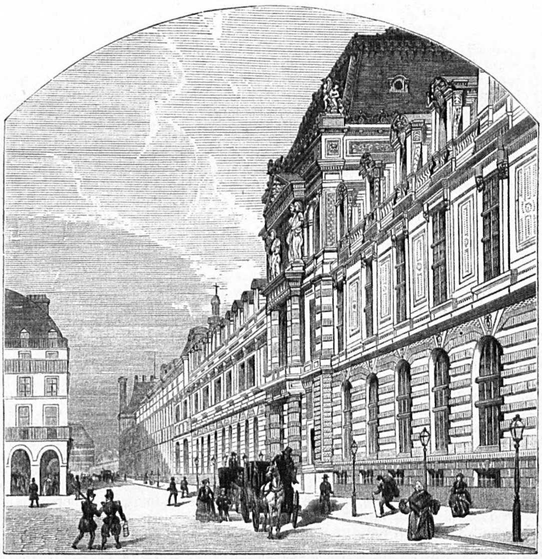


THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

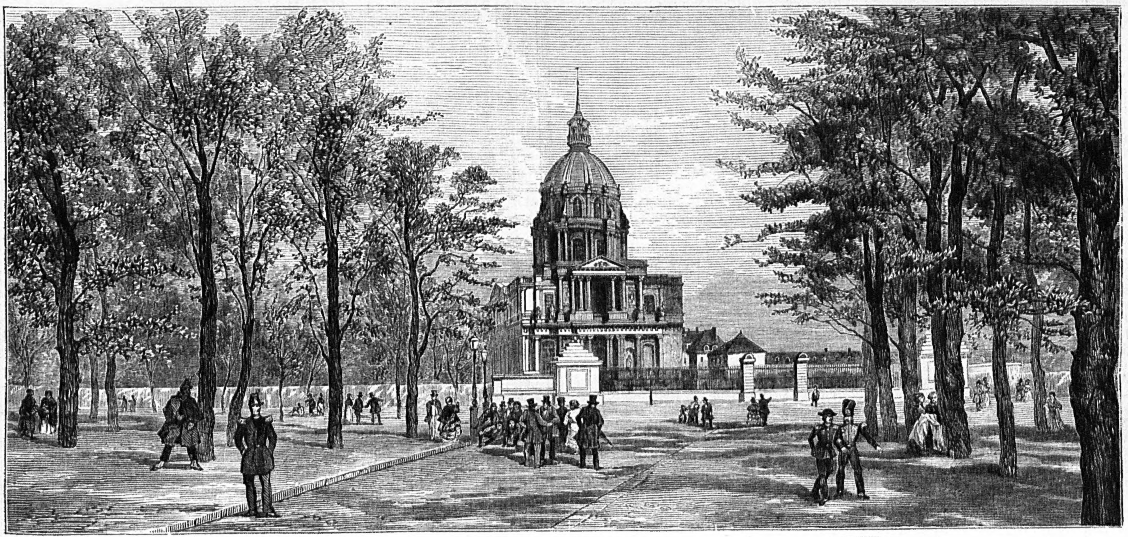
PARIS AS IT WAS.



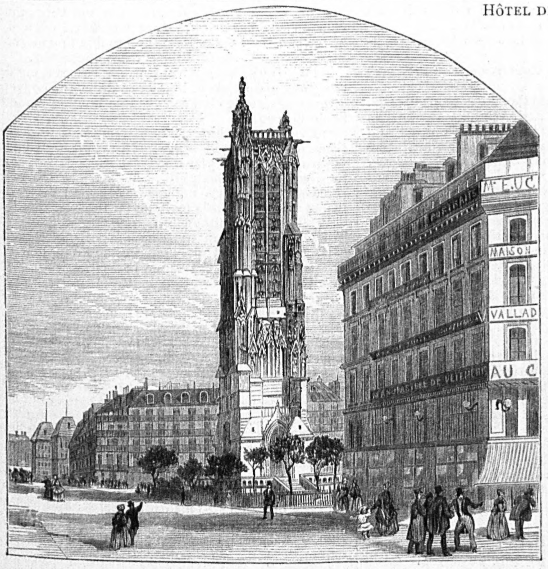
Palais du Luxembourg.



Le Louvre.



Hôtel des Invalides.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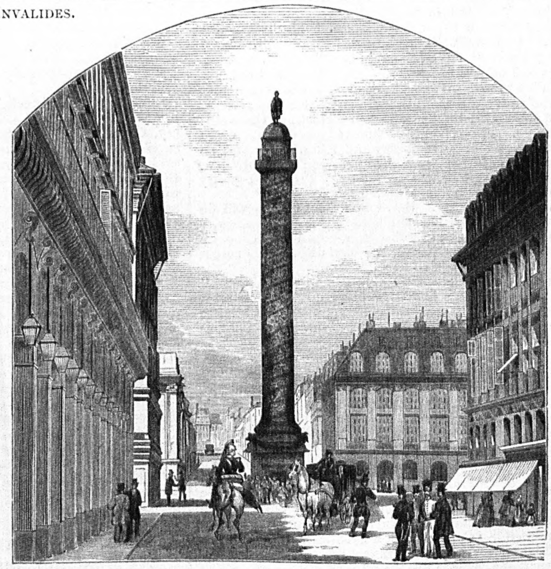


Colonne Vendome.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

THE HORNIBROOKS.

MANY generations of the Hornibrooks had been settled in their old brick house, in a pleasant, well-watered valley running between the Surrey Hills—sheltered by leafy elms, and warmed with the ever-creeping ivy. An odd, a rambling house was this Hornibrook nest. It was called "The Willows" possibly because not a willow twig was to be seen in the neighbourhood. It had been a quiet, sunny English home in the old time when the only suggestion of London that reached it was the mail coach toiling up the opposite hill twice daily. The Hornibrooks had been idle folk—as a rule. One or two had become soldiers and had fought well against the French. A cousin had become a distinguished lawyer. Another cousin (whose name was never mentioned at The Willows) had figured on the Radical side in the days of Cobbett. The nest, however, had remained quiet through every storm; and, I repeat, as a rule the Hornibrooks were an idle, or, rather, an unambitious race. The girls grew up, married, and went their way to comfortable houses in the neighbourhood. They were comely girls. The Hornibrook grey eye had done much mischief for twenty miles round about The Willows. Sweeter brides than those who from time to time tripped bashfully from under the ruddy eaves of The Willows, could not be seen in the county. They were country-bred damsels, who had spent a quiet childhood in the fields and woods, and who, to quote a supercilious City spark's observation, "smelt of buttercups."

"And long may the buttercups blossom near The Willows!" a neighbour answered.

Time, however, brought noisy steam within earshot of the Hornibrooks. A railway station appeared in the market town. Clattering mills grew up along the banks of the lively streams. Careworn men came and pitched cockney villas in the green fields. Pale young men, bound to the City by day, came hither for fresh air to sleep in. The young ladies of The Willows were not very displeased; but Josiah Hornibrook could hardly return the civil words of the City folk. He said to the Vicar:—

"This is no longer the country. The smoke spoils my flowers; the dyes kill the trout; the rattle of the mill wheels gives me a headache every morning."

"We must yield with all the grace we can command," the Reverend Horace Carnegie said; "it is the spread of civilisation."

"Spread of civilisation! It's the spread of money-grubbing. Look at the fellows with their yellow faces, peering out of their stucco boxes. They would sell you and me for a guinea."

Mr. Carnegie laughed, and said, "I suppose we may expect Miss Kilmansegg with her golden leg, soon."

"I shall sell The Willows, Carnegie." Mr. Hornibrook spoke with a savage seriousness.

"Sell The Willows! Impossible! We should all go to ruin at once. No, no—that will never do."

"Never do! What! Shall I have one of my girls falling in love with one of these young City jackanapes—whose father swept the office in which he is now master? A Hornibrook allied to a Potts, or a Tomkins, or to the head of the firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson!"

"The young ladies will not make a choice unworthy of them"——

"Aye, aye. That's all very well—but girls fall in love—they don't know why or wherefore. Take the experience of Dudwell. I suppose you have heard of it."

"No."

"Well, when this confounded railway was being laid down, a posse of clerks, and contractors, and those sort of fellows, invaded the cottages for five miles about. When they were not at work they were drinking, smoking, and singing at the Lion. The landlord told me the sots were not in bed, night after night, before three in the morning. The Dudwells had the full benefit of all this. The daughters could not drive out without meeting some of these fellows, and being insulted by them. I thought Dudwell would have gone mad. Young Dudwell pulled the nose of one of the scamps. The worst of it is to be told. The elder Dudwell girl has fallen in love with the head clerk to the contractor; a gambler and a drunkard, and more. He was actually found one night, hidden at eleven o'clock, in Dudwell's shrubbery. I hope Dudwell horsewhipped him. Clara Dudwell vows she will marry the fellow—him and no other; so her father has locked her up in her own room, and threatened to shoot her lover. There's a pretty business, Carnegie; and all in a few months!"

"Very unfortunate. But, I fear, locking up will do no good: and Mr. Dudwell's hardly strong enough to stop the railway. Because the stage-coach is fast enough for you and me, these City gentlemen will not be content with nine or ten miles an hour."

"A plague on them—they have spoiled The Willows."

"It's a charming district broken up; but we must bear it. The mills and rails give food and clothing to thousands. We must be patient, as in your 'Content with a Crust.'"

The Vicar's allusion to Mr. Hornibrook's story revived this gentleman's good humour.

"You remember it then?" said Mr. Hornibrook, glancing merrily at his companion.

"My dear Hornibrook, that little story conveys an excellent moral; a moral that nowadays should be repeated every day. Look at those factory girls yonder. They have a short holiday, and see the finery in which they are dressed. Silk gowns; bonnets as gay as my lady's! Their wages spent on tawdry imitations of the vanities of the rich; the rich whom they envy, and to whom they bear malice. An excellent moral was that you pointed in 'Content with a Crust.' I only wish you would let me read it, in the school-room, some Wednesday afternoon, or that you would read it yourself, which would be better."

"Read it myself! You're joking, Carnegie."

"Not the least in the world, I assure you. Where is the joke? You would please the people, and you would do them good."

Mr. Hornibrook looked puzzled. "You see, Carnegie, reading and writing are very different things. I don't know that I am good for much as a writer, but I'm certainly no reader. Bad voice—bad delivery—bad everything. No; if the rubbish is to be read, you must read it."

"Let it be so," the Vicar said, good-naturedly. "It has often struck me as strange—and Mrs. Carnegie was making the remark a few evenings ago—that you have neither printed this excellent little story of yours, nor written more!"

"I suppose I am like my old grandfather—a one-idead man. All the silk's unwound from me, and I lie, a grub in the skin of the cocoon. Just as some men can sing one song—and there are one-speech men. No; let the rubbish lie alone—with the grand-dad's. Tut! Here are the girls!"

A pair of laughing English girls, with cherry lips and cheeks: with grey eyes, bright, and deep, and kindly; plump and neat in figure; and with instep round as ortolans; garden hats, browned in the sun, with pale blue ribands floating from them; dark hair, lighted with gold, loosely braided; rough gloves upon little playful hands, dirty with dew and faded flowers plucked from the pastures hard by; plain dresses, looped daintily from the ground, discovering pretty ankles! Hornibrook looked proudly and lovingly at the girls, and seemed to say to himself, "Match me this winsome pair in the county, if you can!" Beauty is not rare in England. With us Beauty wears a coronet, and carries oranges upon her head. Passing through Russell-square one day, I heard a sweet voice chirping in an area. Glancing in the direction of the music, I saw Hebe in a muslin cap, blacking a pair of Wellington boots. Who among Londoners has not seen Juno presiding at an hotel bar, and Venus driving a perambulator? "Beauty—beauty is a drug in the market, sir," said a British dandy to a Frenchman—"We see Beauty washing the door-steps. Beauty makes my bed, cooks my dinner, puts the buttons on my shirts, and answers me when I knock at the door. I'm beginning to think a little plainness would be refreshing; but one must go abroad to find it."

The Hornibrook girls were English beauties, not of a rare kind, but fresh as morning strawberries, and cheerful as became this, the Maytime of their life. Sarah, the tallest and eldest, was the graver of the two, with a pensive background to her sweet face. Emily was a hoyden, if there ever was one, with a considerable fund of graceful impudence in her to boot. It was Emily who rushed to her father, laying both her garden gloves on his arm (bowing rapidly, in a parenthesis, to the Vicar), and said—

"Oh, papa, dear, what do you think has come?"

"Well, Miss Impudence, what?"

"You must promise to let us go, mind, before we tell you."

"Come, come; that's a hard condition. If it's an invitation to the lecture on—on—what is the subject, Carnegie, next Wednesday?"

"Electro-biology."

"Ah! just so. Well, Emmy, you shall go."

"Lecture, papa! What nonsense. Who wants to go to lectures? I like to sleep at home."

Sarah advanced and showed her father a little rose-coloured note.

"'Mrs. Smithett requests the pleasure!' The deuce she does! Look here, Carnegie. The Smithetts! When the wind is north-east their chimney covers us with soot. Smithett's works, I maintain, killed the fish. There, Sarah, put the letter in your pocket."

"But, papa, of course we may go? It's a dance. Everybody's going!"

"Everybody! You mean anybody."

Miss Emmy pouted. The Vicar laughed at her, and soothed her. "You are too impatient. There is time enough to decide."

"Now then, girls, Mr. Carnegie will eat lunch with us; so run into the house and see to it."

The girls tripped off—ther father's eyes lovingly resting upon them.

"They are wonderfully like their poor mother—good soul that she was."

"She was, Hornibrook," said the Vicar emphatically.

"She had her little foibles and vanities—as who has not, Carnegie? When Sarah was born, she cried and supplicated because I *would* call the baby 'Sarah!' She said it was an odious name: out of fashion, and vulgar. But how gentle she became when I told her that the women of our family had borne the name for generations, and that my father had said to me, 'Josh, if you live to have a daughter, let her be Sarah, mind!'"

At this moment Emily appeared at the hall door of The Willows, and waved her white handkerchief energetically towards her father and Mr. Carnegie.

"There's that puss Emmy!" said Mr. Hornibrook, as he shook his cap in reply to his daughter. "Here am I, Carnegie, without a boy to inherit The Willows, and the rest of it—and that girl Emily, with her spirit and frolic—why was she not a boy? She would have made a brave one. Heigho! Let's have a bit of luncheon. I want your opinion on a terrine I brought from Fortnum and Mason's the other day. The girls—the little fools—say it's disgusting. Well, well, blessings on the pretty lips that nibble bread and butter."

"So say I, Hornibrook."

"And now for our pie. Watch the girls. They'll have fun among themselves while we discuss it."

"Do come in, papa; we are hungry!" Emily frowned and laughed at the same time, and drew her father into the cool and spacious dining-room of The Willows.

CHAPTER II.

HOW WILL IT LOOK?

"MAMA, dear, that will never do. I assure you, dear mama, it's quite out of the question. What! have Towse to open the door?—it's quite ridiculous. There's not a person in the place who doesn't know him, and hasn't seen him going to town from the works, in that filthy cart. With his squint and his hobble, he is the laughing-stock of the place." Miss Clementina Smithett rocked herself in an American chair, on the lawn behind Lancashire Villa—and looked like the young lady who would have her own way.

Mrs. Smithett, wife of honest Joe Smithett, formerly of Preston, now of London, was too lazy to offer stout opposition to any of the wishes of her energetic daughter.

"Well, there, my dear, I'm tired of the party before it's begun. You must talk to your father. He said Towse would do; that's all I know."

"Towse! Papa thinks Towse can do everything. A nice mess he made at the pic-nic!"

"Don't talk of the pic-nic, child. I never saw such airs as the people gave themselves. Besides, it was not into *your* lap he dropped the lobster-salad—so I don't see why you should complain. I'm sure, when one's children are grown up, what with the whims of one, and the temper of the other, one has no peace of one's life. There, child, go and see if tea's ready—and tell cook to mind your father's dinner, or we shall have him grumbling again. Don't go and empty the tea-caddy into the teapot."

"I'll be as careful as if it were gold-dust," Clementina answered, laughing.

"Gold-dust, miss! I'm sure it's very good tea. It's the best four shilling—and I've no doubt they favour your father in the alderman's warehouse—for I'm sure the alderman's people are always sending for things at wholesale price to your father—not that your father is the man to ask. Anybody may get the better of him."

"He's very good-natured."

"Very soft, miss, you mean. A child could turn him round its little finger. I'm sure his own always have."

Miss Clementina tossed her head, and sailed into the house, determined that, on his return, her father should have a good cup of tea.

"That's a brave cup of tea, lass," said Mr. Smithett, as he stirred it. There was a sly twinkle in his eye—which Mrs. Smithett, for whom it was intended, caught, nevertheless.

"You may laugh, Smithett," said the lady, a little temper in her voice; "but I know what tea is got through every week in this house, and I'm determined not to have it. Strong tea's not good for anybody. You might set the children a good example, Smithett."

"Right, right, lass—we shall go into the work-house."

"Or be buried under our own tea-leaves, papa."

Mr. Smithett laughed.

"Go on, Smithett; encourage her. Encourage your children to laugh at their mother. You always did it, and it would be odd if you were to mend at your time of life."

"Nonsense, Betsy, lass--nonsense. Clemmy meant no mischief. Did you, Clemmy?"

"I really don't know what mama means."

"Mama, mama, child. I cannot see for the life of me why you cannot say 'mother,' as you did when we lived by the old mill," said Pater.

"Then I do," Mrs. Smithett replied. "I choose to be called mama, and mama I'll be called—understand that, Smithett; and don't allude to the subject again, or we may quarrel."

"Very well, my dear; all right; anything for a quiet life."

"Short commons to-day, Clemmy," said Mr. Smithett to his daughter, as he lifted the best piece of meat from the little plate before him. He would have been content with a hard-boiled egg.

"That's it, Smithett; never content. It wouldn't be you if you didn't grumble. Perhaps you will give your own orders for your dinners. I confess I'm tired of your whims."

"Who's grumbling, Betsy?" Mr. Smithett—albeit he had eaten for his dinner a few not very appetisant cuts off the family joint that had been cooked many hours, and had undergone the ignoble process of being "kept warm"—looked the picture of content.

"Has Towse been in yet with the hamper, my dear?" the good man asked, hoping to drive the conversation into an agreeable channel. "I've brought some things home for you."

"I've seen nothing of him, nor the hamper either. Some of your stupid bargains, I suppose. Clementina wishes to speak to you about Towse. It appears that he won't do for the party. He's much too vulgar to suit your daughter's notions. You had better borrow two of the alderman's footmen for the occasion."

While Mrs. Smithett was opening the question of Towse's capacity in the evening-party attendant line, Miss Smithett had slyly put her hand in her father's, and was preparing to carry her point. Mr. Smithett was firm when he started in the morning. He would have no useless expense in his house. He was an economical man, who spent more money than any of his neighbours. Mrs. Smithett also prided herself upon the rigid accounts she kept. "I'm sure," she said, "not a crumb is wasted in this house. Nobody can spend less on their clothes than we do. I'm sure I really stint myself, while Smithett goes and buys—buys—I tell him, for the mere love of buying." Smithett would smile at the idea that he was the most reckless spendthrift in Christendom; he, whose counting-house luncheon did not cost him sixpence *per diem!*

"And what objection has the lass to Towse? Why, he nursed you, Clemmy. Aye, but he did."

"Never mind that, Smithett; what has that got to do with the question? This isn't Preston, and you are not drinking brandy-and-water steaming hot at the Black Bull, I believe. I wonder you don't have him in to dinner."

"Stuff!"

"It isn't stuff, Smithett; I won't be put down in this way every time I open my mouth. It's becoming unbearable; I don't know what's come to you the last two years. Your temper will drive you mad if you don't take care."

Mr. Smithett could not restrain a gentle laugh.

"Temper, mama!" Miss Clementina expostulated; "I'm sure papa's a beautiful temper. Miss Mallalieu was only saying"——

"Don't talk to me about Miss Mallalieu, or anybody else; I'll not be answered; it's enough to have your father's tongue to bear, without being lectured by one's children. There, settle it as you like; have all the factory in to wait; put Towse at the head of the table, and let *us* wait upon *him*."

"Stuff!" cried Mr. Smithett, a second time, smiling and calm, and still in excellent temper.

"That's it, Smithett; insult me, before the children! A nice bringing-up of them."

"But papa, dear"—Miss Clementina kept her point clear in sight through the domestic storm—"Papa, dear, Towse will never do to wait; every soul in the place knows him. Think of the fright he will make of himself; people would burst out laughing as they came into the hall. And we've invited the Hornibrooks—and they're coming!"

"For the life of me, child, I don't see what there is to do that the girls and Towse cannot manage."

"My dear," said Mrs. Smithett, softening towards her daughter, "My dear, your father best knows what his position is in the City. If he cannot afford to keep his family among the first here, we must be content with the second-rate people. I wouldn't on any account advise him to go beyond his means. Only he shouldn't have brought us here. If Joe brings his college friends he must."

"And why shouldn't he? I'm sure Joe would be the last in the world to object to Towse."

"But we object, papa."

"There, you, Clementina, and your father settle it between you. I'll not say another word on the subject."

"Just think of him, papa, with his red face shining with an extra quantity of soap: white cotton gloves a mile too long in the fingers! Of course he'll have something to say to everybody. He'll hope the Hornibrooks are quite well. He'll compliment Mr. Carnegie on his last sermon. And a nice confusion he'll make of the names!"

"Pooh, pooh, Clemmy; and suppose he does!"

"La! pa! we shall be the laughing-stock of the place. And I never saw such a place for gossip. Everybody in Barford knows everybody else's business. I can tell the Hornibrooks what they had for dinner any day in the week."

"I wish I had never seen the place," Mrs. Smithett interposed. In declaring that she would not say another word, she had promised too much.

"Shall we go back to Preston?" Mr. Smithett slyly responded.

With superb contempt Mrs. Smithett retorted: "I suppose you think that very funny. But I'll trouble you to make none of your jokes at *my* expense, Smithett, or what you call jokes."

Miss Clementina returned to the attack. "It's very disagreeable of you, papa. It wouldn't cost much more to do the thing properly."

"What do you call doing the thing properly, Clemmy?"

"What everybody calls properly, papa. Plenty of good music, good attendance, and a good supper."

"Well, and you will have all of these things properly done. Isn't the supper all to be made at home? The three servants and Towse will wait. And for the music, I leave that to you. Have all the Volunteer band if you will."

"Pack of nonsense, Smithett. Why do you go on aggravating the child? Supper made at home, indeed! It shall be made of course—but I'll not answer for it. If you think my cook can make a quantity of creams, and jellies, and goodness knows what—you're very much mistaken; and I tell you so beforehand. But, as I've told you and Clemmy, I'll have nothing more to say about it. You may give them the cold mutton—and let Towse hand it round in his shirt-sleeves: you'll not surprise me. There, do as you like—for you always do."

Mr. Smithett was a domestic tyrant!

"But be reasonable, papa. You don't want all Barford to be laughing at us?"

"Don't be afraid, Clemmy; they'll not do that."

"Your father thinks he's king of the place: taking the chair here—and taking the chair there—in all sorts of poking little rooms nobody ever heard of before; getting up societies for the improvement of a set of people who, I am sure, are laughing at him in their sleeves."

Mr. Smithett laughed outright at this burst.

"I see nothing to laugh at, Smithett. Mark my words. Women are generally right. They see much farther than you men, with all your grand airs. I should very much like to know what *you*, of all people, have to do with what you call elevating the working classes. Elevating fiddlesticks! It's Mr. Carnegie's business, if it's anybody's; not yours."

"Papa, do say we may have the thing properly done. I never knew you so stingy."

"Well, well, Clemmy, in for a penny, in for a pound. Borrow the footmen from Buckingham Palace, if you can; put all the cookery-book on the table; bring down the band of the Coldstream Guards. You always have your own way."

Miss Clementina put her arms round her father's neck, and kissed him.

Mrs. Smithett could not bear this.

"Of course; there you go, Smithett. Isn't that just like you? Always in extremes. And you must be so very clever. If I had asked you, catch you saying, 'Yes.' But Miss Clementina, of course, she has her own way. She has only to beckon with her little finger, and you follow her."

"My dear, you are talking nonsense," Mr. Smithett had the audacity to observe.

"Perhaps I'm suiting my conversation to my company." Smithett smiled at the blow. "But, just for once, I'm determined not to be trodden under foot. I will not always be put upon. I intend to have a voice in this business; pray understand that, Smithett."

"My dear, I should be a very dull man indeed if I hadn't understood that half an hour ago."

"I suppose you call that a point. You are getting so witty, Smithett. You had better attend a little more to the works. We shall have you turning author, or something of that sort. No! I hope you're not mad enough for that *yet*."

"Not quite, my dear."

"I'm glad to hear it; although I'm prepared for anything. But, as I was saying, I intend to have my way for once. What! what are you laughing at, Miss Impudence?"

Mrs. Smithett twitched her cap and smoothed her apron, and glanced from her husband to her daughter, as though they were two enemies, and she had not quite decided which she should demolish first. Miss Clementina protested that she was laughing at nothing.

"If you can't behave yourself, miss, you had better leave the room. Your father is old enough to know better. He may laugh, but this time I'm in downright earnest. Have my way I will."

This was too much for Smithett. He rolled in his seat, and became purple in the face.

"What have you been taking in the City, Smithett?" This was said with emphasis. "It's very fine to say, in that grand way of yours, 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' but I beg leave to tell you that both Clemmy and myself will want new dresses. Perhaps you will leave a cheque before you go to the City to-morrow, though I know you can't afford it."

"Then why ask me for it?"

"Because your own flesh and blood may as well have it as well as anybody else, and better. 'Joseph Smithett, Esq., Vice-President, five pounds!' It looks very well—mighty well. People don't know I've been wanting a new shawl these six months."

"You shall have one to-morrow," from Mr. Smithett.

"Thank you. I will manage to do without it. I hate things that are begrudged. The party, however, is a different matter. As you have decided to ask all the place to your house, I'm not going to look worse than the Hornibrooks and the rest of them. And I choose to see my daughter as well dressed as the best of them. Do you hear me, Smithett? I have a great mind, too, to have the girls home from school."

Smithett was dozing.

"My dear, I'm all attention."

"So you know what you've got to expect. I shall want a *moire antique*. Clemmy must have a blue silk. She can't wear that pink again. It must be known all over the town by this time. Then there are a dozen other things I shall require. I'm sure I haven't a fan fit to be seen."

"You shall have a new one, my dear."

Mrs. Smithett sneered, and twitched her cap again. "Yes, Smithett, but where's the money to come from? You know you can't afford it. But I can't do without it—that's certain."

"La! ma—they don't cost much." Miss Clementina had an awkward way of interceding between her father and mother. She generally contrived to aggravate the severity of the dispute.

"Cost much, miss! A fan for a chit like you wouldn't cost much. I require feathers; and unless your father can get them trade-price or manage somehow in the City, I beg to tell you, it is not a penny that will buy them."

"There, there; you'll have the fan, I dare say." Dictator Smithett showed faintly that his patience was wearing. Mrs. Smithett had a grievance at once.

"Clemmy, ring the bell for the tray; your father has woke up in a bad temper, AS USUAL."

Mr. Smithett smiled aside at his daughter, who understood him. He! in a bad temper. There was somebody, who was neither papa, nor Tilley, nor the cat purring on the rug, was in a bad temper. The servant entered.

"Please, mum, Towse says shall he bring the hamper in, before he goes home."

Smithett brightened, and was about to say "Yes;" when Mrs. Smithett replied in her severest voice: "I want no hamper in here to-night. Bring the tray, and some hot water."

When the servant had left the room, the lady continued, addressing her "lord and master": "I'll trouble you, Smithett, not to interfere between me and my servants, once for all."

"But, my lass, there's a lobster in the hamper! It will be bad in the morning."

This revelation was a sign for Miss Clementina to creep to the kitchen.

It was not Mrs. Smithett who refused the larger claw.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

"SKETCHES of Life, Scenery, and Sport in Norway." By the Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A. (London: Horace Cox, 346, Strand.)—The author has from time to time written articles in various periodicals and papers containing short sketches of life and sport in Norway. These have been gathered together into one volume, bearing the above title. It is an amusing, interesting, and well-written work. The author is bright in his descriptions and always chatty. Besides entertaining the general reader, the tourist to Norway will find the work an excellent travelling companion, and one that may be carried along with Murray's Guide to advantage. The author has omitted to dilate on some of the most striking and renowned scenes, such as the Vöring Foss, and excuses himself by telling us that these "famous lions" are so generally well known, and have been so often described, that he has preferred rather to draw the attention of his readers to parts which are comparatively unknown to English travellers. We think he has done well in adopting this course. Mr. Barnard, in describing the social life of the inhabitants of Christiania, is very amusing. He is invited to a dinner party. "There were perhaps a hundred and fifty guests assembled when we entered. I wondered how we were all going to be accommodated. 'I dare say you do not have these sort of dinner parties in England,' said a young lady whom I had met the evening before. 'We always at such parties stand up to dinner.' My answer was cut short by our being ushered into the dining-room." He continues:—

> As I wished to do at Rome as they did at Rome, I first turned to a little side-table, on which were arranged sardines, anchovies, "Throndhjem aquavit," and other appetite-ticklers. I won't describe the dinner; suffice it to say, it was most excellent. But I would earnestly recommend any one going to Christiania to practise dining standing up before leaving home; for it requires an uncommon knack to be able to manage it properly. Try; take a plate with a bit of chicken, a slice of ham, some peas, and potatoes on it, for instance. Hold this in your left hand—for all the chairs and side-tables are monopolised by the elderly people—and cut up and eat with your right. In the mean time, keep constantly drinking wine with imaginary guests, and get your sisters to push gently up against you from all sides. And withal you should not omit to pay some attention to the study of attitudes. Assume the best posture for preserving your "gravity in a state of stability," while at the same time seek to avoid a straddle, as if you were on the deck of a rolling steamer, otherwise you may be animadverted on by the company. You must not feel annoyed if, just as you have succeeded in cutting up the chicken and ham in nice little bits, and have relinquished the knife for the fork, a jolt from behind disturbs the direction a mouthful is taking, and sends it outside your shirt-front instead of inside; neither must you be irritated at feeling that some one is pouring a plateful of gravy down your back. I upset a glass of wine over a young gentleman's legs (an elderly man of stout basis, who bumped against me, was the cause), and I am ashamed to say that I looked hard in another direction, as if I knew nothing at all about the matter. Another piece of advice I would venture to suggest—especially if you dislike using dirty forks—is, that you keep a tight hold of your own. Forks are always at a premium, and if you put yours down for one moment, you'll never see it again. I cannot suggest the modest stranger's doing anything better with his wine-glass than putting it in his pocket when not in immediate use; for I am convinced that not one of the ladies or gentlemen present drank out of the same glass twice.

We quote the following from the chapter "Winter Life in Lappmark":—

> The ease with which the reindeer makes its way through the masses of snow is wonderful. It seems scarcely credible that so small an animal can wade up to its belly in the snow, and yet be able to drag a pulk containing a good weight (I am fourteen stone without my boots) after it. Often my pulk would sink so deep that it was exactly as if one was passing through a snow-cutting, the sides of which towered far above one's head. Often, too, it made me grieved to see what hard work it was for the poor patient beast, and yet how obediently it would obey the rein, attached to its left horn; how meekly it would receive a whacking, giving utterance perhaps to a grunt, while its tongue would hang down out of its mouth, a sure sign of distress. To say nothing of their numberless enemies in the summer, in the shape of all kinds of insects, and not to speak of their winter foes, the wolves, it is often terribly hard work for them to find provender during this latter season; for the moss on which alone they feed is frequently at a depth of several feet below the surface of the snow, and this they have to scratch on one side, and bore a deep hole till they find it; and it frequently happens that when they have worked hard for a length of time, their mining operations prove fruitless, for there is no moss. But the young calves, how do they manage? They are not strong enough to scratch the snow aside, like the old ones; so they stand around, waiting for the pieces of moss to be scratched up, which the old deer in its burrowing scatters far and wide.

The pages run on in this easy style to the end. The author is sometimes humorous, and always gossipy. It is a good book for all readers, and tourists who intend journeying to Norway should certainly not be without it.

"THE Cry of the Children from the Brickyards of England. A Statement and Appeal, with Remedy." By George Smith. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) This is an important little work, and should be in the hands of all who take an interest in social questions. It is an appeal on behalf of the ill-used little slaves who, for a wretched pittance, toil themselves into deformity of mind and body in our brickyards. There are few men more qualified to write on the subject than Mr. George Smith. He was himself a brickyard boy, and what he reveals to us is the result of a bitter experience. He tells us that in our brick-fields and brick-works there are from twenty to thirty thousand children—from as low as three and four up to sixteen and seventeen—undergoing a very bondage of toil, and a horror of evil-training that carries peril in it. "Damaged physically, morally, and every way, at the most impressionable age, these young lives in their mis-growth deteriorate the national life." He very justly claims the protection of the law for these children by placing them within the inspection and regulation of an Act kindred with the Workshops or the Factory Act. It cannot be that these poor children —"toiling in the play-time of the others in the country of the free"—can continue much longer in such cruel bondage without being shielded by the law. When the public become acquainted with the startling facts disclosed by Mr. Smith, Parliamentary measures for redress must soon follow. The labour will bear fruit, and in the meantime the author is entitled to all credit for his careful statement and his manly and honest appeal on behalf of the wronged "little ones."

"A SHORT History of the Volunteer Force." By D. Capern. (London: Bedford and Son, 96, London-road, S.E.) The author is a sergeant of the 19th Surrey (Lambeth) Rifles, and his *brochure* consists of a short and carefully-written account of the principal events in connection with the Volunteer force, from its origin in 1859 to the present time. It is neatly got up, and to members of the Volunteer force will be very useful.

FORTY-TWO German authors dedicated their books to Queen Victoria last year. Of these ten received presents, the rest merely letters of acknowledgment.

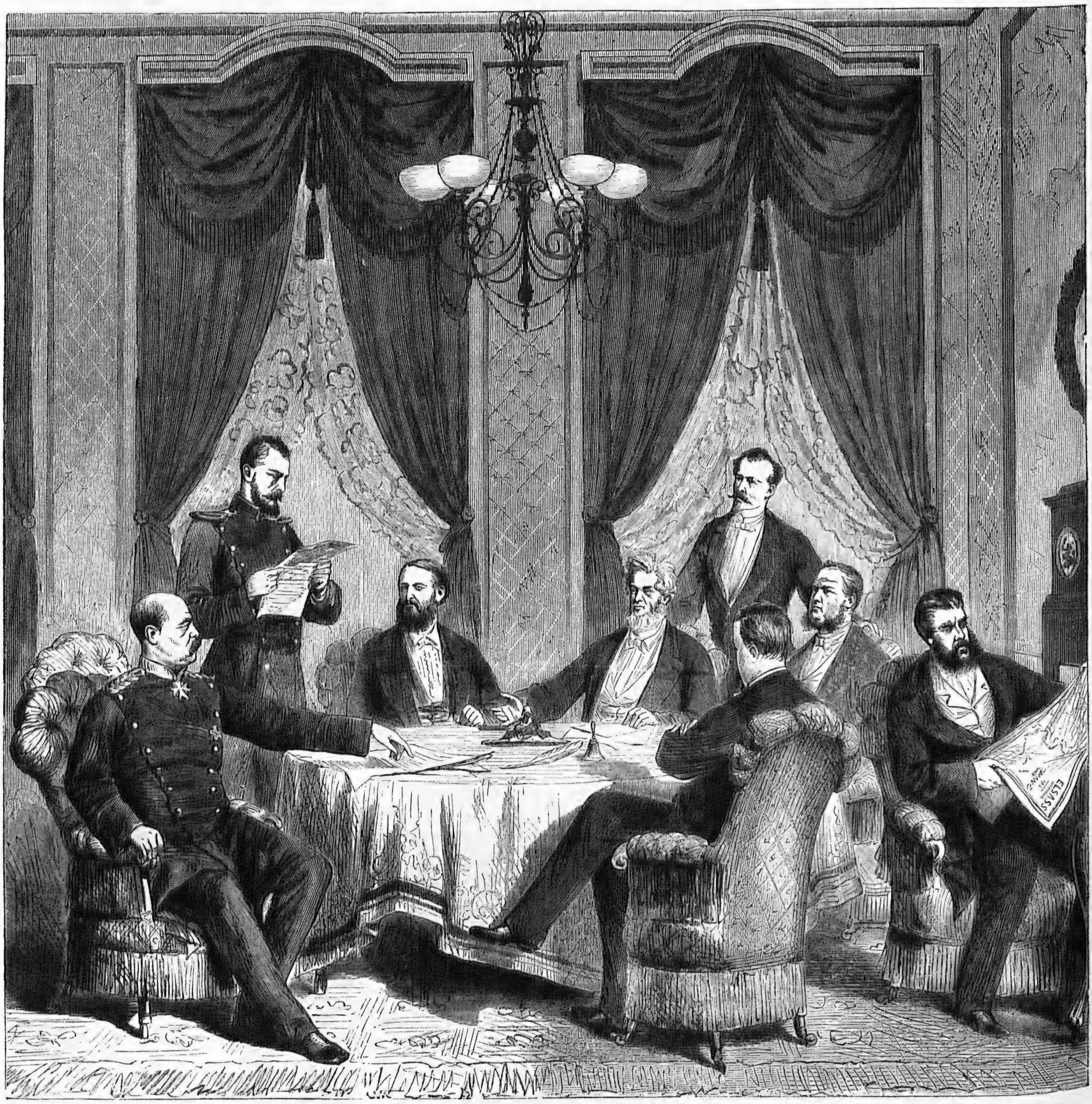
AN ENGLISH VICTIM OF THE CIVIL WAR IN PARIS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Versailles on Saturday, tells a very sad story of the slaughter of a British subject at Paris, under circumstances which he thinks (and we think too) calls for international redress to be diplomatically demanded. He says: — "Going down the Champs Elysées from the Arc de Triomphe there is to be seen near the corner of the Rue Billault (formerly Rue de l'Oratoire), and on the house bearing the number 108, this inscription in very large letters:—'Noted Stout House.' In the window is a goodly show of York hams, huge pieces of roast beef, and Cheshire and Stilton cheeses. Over the doorway the truly British name of William Russell harmonises with the quality of the fare on show. It is forty years since Russell first came to Paris. He was for some time under butler or cellarman to the late Lord Granville at the British Embassy, and he afterwards went into the service of the American General, Lewis Cass. He married a respectable farmer's daughter from the neighbourhood of Tottenham, and more than twenty years ago set up in Paris as a tavern-keeper. His fair dealing gained him many friends in all classes of society. While his bar was frequented by the English coachmen and grooms who (before the Prussian war) used to abound in Paris, he had, in the three or four houses which he successively kept in the course of years, a snug parlour in which law, physic, and even divinity, would often congregate to make a dinner from a wholesome English joint and a dish of well-boiled potatoes. Two years ago he removed from the well-known 'Russell Arms,' in the Rue Montaigne, to the Champs Elsyées. He did a considerable business in supplying English families with pale ale and those English viands which are seldom to be got in perfection from French tradesmen. He was a fine specimen of an Englishman, six feet high, singularly handsome, and well-proportioned.

"During the siege of Paris by the Prussians, Russell volunteered to serve General Trochu as a 'sedentary' National Guard. He wore the stripes of a corporal, and was up many a night keeping watch in his quarter. As an Englishman he never thought of going to the ramparts; but as a resident he thought it a duty to contribute to the maintenance of order and the protection of property under the Government to which he owed local allegiance. When the civil war broke out on March 18, Russell laid down his arms. From that day he never put on his uniform, but attended only to his business.

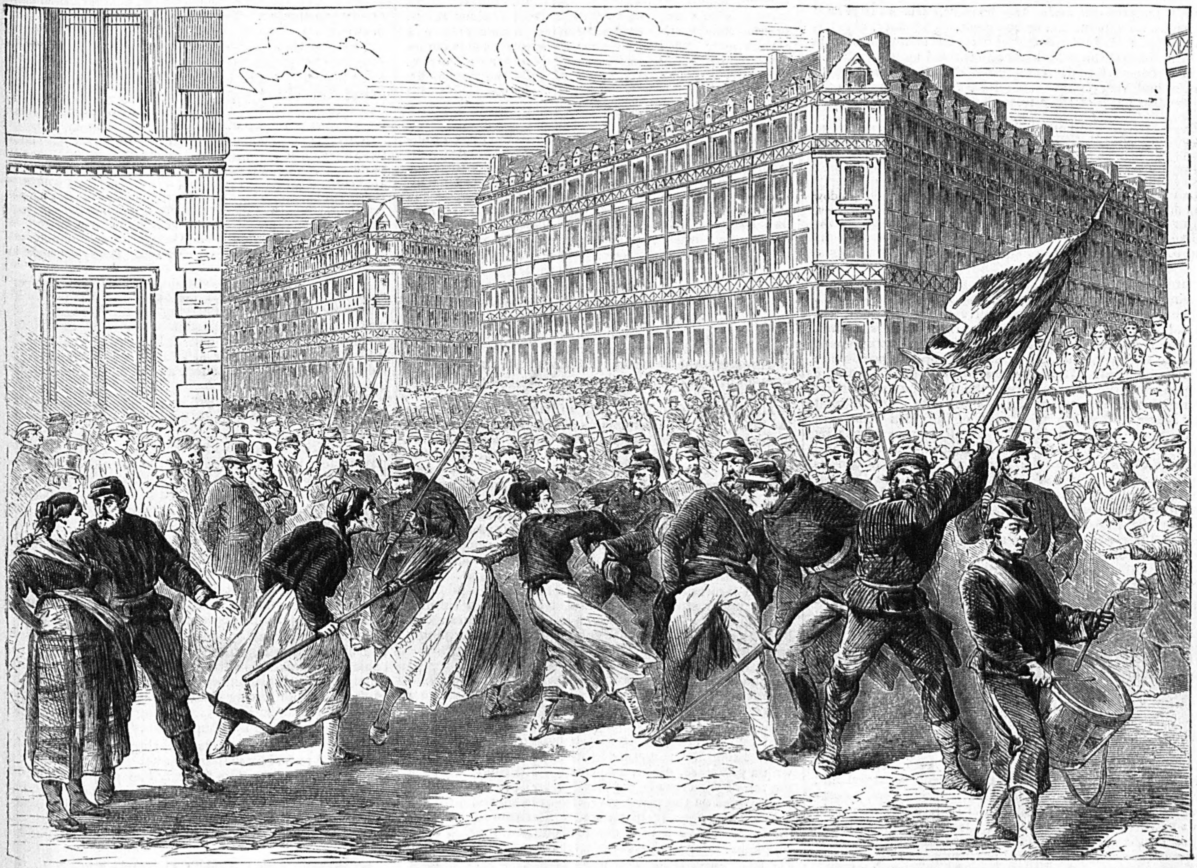
"Driving into Paris after the review on Thursday, and being dry from heat and the dust of unwatered roads, I pulled up at the 'Noted Stout House,' to ask Russell for a glass of ale. There I heard a story which left me no stomach for the beer. On Monday, May 22, at seven in the morning, Russell was standing on the asphalte of the Champs Elysées, in front of his own house. I rather think he was taking down his shop shutters—at any rate it was the hour for doing so. His children were playing around him. Presently one of his little boys said, 'Father, there is a soldier opposite aiming at you.' Before the words were out of the child's mouth, a chassepot bullet struck Russell in the chest, went through his lungs, and came out at his back. He staggered into the house, and as far as his bedroom, on the ground floor, and then fell down bleeding profusely. A doctor, who was soon found, told him not to speak, and ordered his wife and children not to speak to him. The medical man, to calm the family, held out hopes which he knew were fallacious, and at six in the evening poor Russell died.

"The widow, from whom I learned this sad history—a comely woman I remember her once, but now a grief-worn shadow—said she wanted to speak to me, and asked me to sit down in an inner room. Shedding many tears, she pulled out from her pocket some papers, and I fancied she was going into pecuniary matters. But, no! like one of the greatest of Greek tragedies, her theme was only of the want of funeral honours! Her husband, she said, had been a regular attendant at Mr. Gardner's chapel (in which Dr. Smyth did duty during the siege), and yet she had never been able to get the burial service read over him. His body was carried away to the Mairie, and a friend had promised her to see it brought to a church. But street fighting prevented this, and the coffin was taken to the Montmartre Cemetery, unblessed. She had bought a piece of ground, for which she showed me a receipt, so as to save her husband from the *fosse commune*, which was the general fate of people killed during those dreadful days. Her head was confused, and she could not find all the papers she wanted; but I understood that some person who fills the office of sexton or clerk, or something of that kind, to the chaplain of the Embassy, had not answered pressing letters she had sent to have the funeral service read over Russell's body. I, called away to Versailles, could not help her, but only said I was very sure that, so far as Dr. Smyth might have it in his power to accede to her wishes, he would not be wanting. She told me he was gone to England. On questioning her, I found that she is left in a state of great distress, which is not wonderful, considering that for the last ten months her husband's business was almost entirely suspanded by the siege and the civil war. Heavy demands for rent and taxes are pressed upon her; she speaks very little French, and for want of good advice is extremely likely to lose such slight benefit as the Dufaure law gives to tenants who sue for it with alacrity in proper form. She has three children, the eldest of whom is a girl of sixteen. I cannot conceive a case of a family more entitled to the consideration of their country and their countrymen. Russell was an entirely innocent victim of the civil war. When he met his death from a Versailles bullet he was in no default whatever, and was guiltless of either rashness or imprudence. He did not know, and had no means of knowing, that the Versailles troops were in Paris. There was no fighting going on anywhere near his house, and there were no groups of people. At an early hour in the morning, the Versaillists, cautiously creeping along by the sides of the houses for their own protection, according to the description in the *Journal Officiel*, shot this unarmed, harmless, isolated Englishman on the threshold of his own door in the bosom of his family. I do not say it was a murder. Of course, the soldier who shot Russell, and who will never be found, had no malice against him. But I insist that this is an event not to be 'washed in Lethe and forgotten.'"

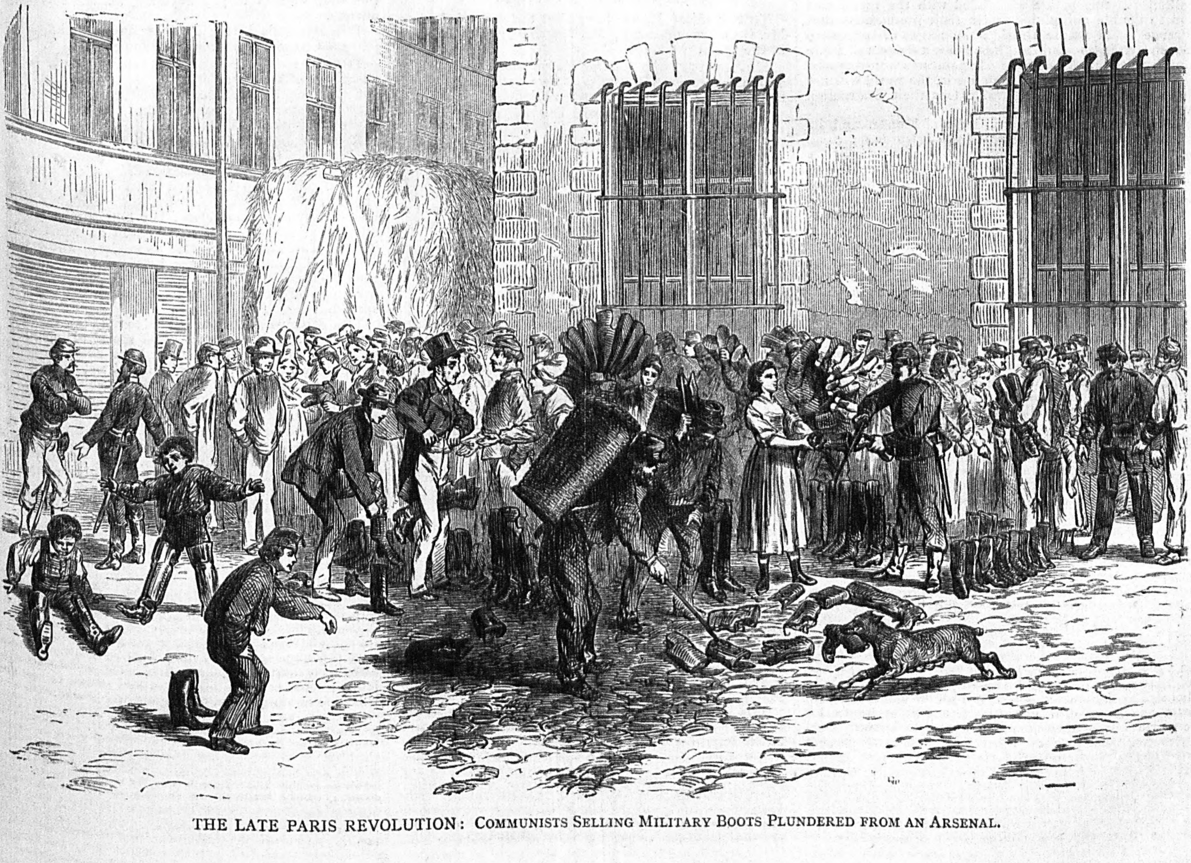


Prince Bismarck. Count Goulart. Count Wartensleben. Count Hakfeld. Von Arnim. Jules Favre. Pouyer-Quertier. Count Henckel Von Donnersman.

PEACE CONFERENCE AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.



THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: IMPRISONED GENDARMES OF VERSAILLES PARADED THROUGH THE BOULEVARD DE SEBASTOPOL BY THE REDS.



THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: COMMUNISTS SELLING MILITARY BOOTS PLUNDERED FROM AN ARSENAL.

OUR PICTURES OF PARIS.

OUR illustrations under the head "Paris as it Was," require no explanation or comment. The story, alas! is too plain: Paris the beautiful was, but is not now. Its own citizens who have lived and thrived under its shelter have done what the conquerors of France have twice refrained from doing. They have taken the torch to the grandest parts of the city, and set flames to structures among the noblest of Europe.

The Palace of the Luxembourg was built by Marie de Medicis, in 1612 and the succeeding years. In it were placed, among other treasures, the allegorical paintings by Rubens, illustrating the life of that queen, admired more lately in the Louvre Gallery by visitors to that collection. By the First and Third Napoleons the Luxembourg was used for the sessions of the Senate. The latter Emperor caused great discontent, four years ago, by infringing upon its magnificent gardens, long a popular pleasure-ground. The proportions of these gardens were much reduced, the grounds at the edges being sold at splendid prices, and new streets opened. The fine trees were removed alive to other parks, and used to be followed by trains of *gamins* and students, in the semblance of a funereal train—an expression of public sentiment difficult to suppress and impossible to misunderstand. The association of this Palace with the sessions of the Senate during the late dynasty is what earned it the obloquy of the Communists. It was built by Marie de Medicis as a copy of the Pitti Palace at Florence. Its court forms a parallelogram of 360 by 300 feet. The Throne-room, Picture-galleries, and Senate-chamber, are the finest among its numerous apartments. The last was destroyed by fire October 28th, 1859, but was restored by Napoleon III. to its pristine splendour for the secret sittings of his creatures under the title of Senators. The Picture-gallery was opened freely to the public, and was the repository of a splendid collection of works by contemporary French artists, culled year by year from the *Salon* exhibitions. Here was to be seen the "Decadence of Rome," by Couture, while in another part of the building, the Library, was a ceiling painted by Eugene Delacroix, representing the Elysium of Dante. The statuary, both in the Art-gallery and in the exterior garden, was remarkably fine. These gardens, just before being reduced by Napoleon III., measured 919 metres (yards) long by 570 in breadth.

The Louvre, which has been seriously damaged, though not destroyed, by the Commune, was the growth of many centuries. It is thought to have been originally a hunting-lodge, upon the site of which a tower was erected in 1214 by Philip Augustus to serve as a state-prison and arsenal. It was enlarged and embellished under successive reigns, and finally completed by Napoleon III. The old Louvre formed nearly a square—576 feet long and 538 feet wide—inclosing a quadrangle of about 400 feet square, and containing a vast collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works of art. The new Louvre, the completion of which was celebrated on the 17th of August, 1857, consists of two lateral piles of buildings, projecting at right angles from the two parallel galleries, which join the old Louvre with the Tuileries, and forming the eastern boundary of the Place du Carrousel. The magnificent galleries of this palace were filled with the rarest and most valuable antiquities and artistic productions that France could secure through the reigns of successive Sovereigns, who made additions to it a subject of pride and emulation. As the valuable paintings were removed during the Prussian siege of Paris, the world will not have to deplore the irreparable loss their destruction would entail.

The Vendôme column was built of bronze, and its proportions were nearly those of the celebrated column of Trajan at Rome, the height of the latter being 132 and that of the former 135 feet. It was completely covered with bas-reliefs in bronze, representing the long series of splendid victories through which the genius of the great soldier had conducted the armies of revolutionary France up to that crowning "Battle of the Emperors," over which the sun of the Napoleons has ever since till now been standing in story and in song. Austerlitz was fought and won in December, 1805. Twelve hundred Russian and Austrian cannon, captured in the unparalleled campaign which that day culminated in the final overthrow of the ancient German empire, were cast into the ornaments of this triumphal monument, which was surmounted by an admirable statue of the first Napoleon in his world-famous grey surtout and cocked hat. The completion of the column was celebrated with great festivity in May, 1810. Five years afterward the allies entered Paris, but forebore laying hands upon the column itself, though, just as they caused the head of Napoleon to be painted out, and that of Henry IV. to be painted in, on the frescoed ceiling of the Senate House in the Luxembourg, so they fastened ropes around the neck of the bronze Emperor on the Vendôme column, and, hauling him down from his pride of place, raised thereon the white flag of the Bourbon lilies. In 1830 Louis Philippe made a compromise with the popular feeling toward the memory of the Emperor by restoring his statue to the top of the column. There it remained, keeping silent watch over Paris, until Napoleon III. took down the characteristic figure in the surtout and cocked hat, and replaced it by a Roman Napoleon in the classic garb of antiquity. This was in 1866.

The Tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, erected in 1508-22, is the only part remaining of the church of that name which was demolished in 1789. It was bought by the municipality, in 1836, for 250,000 francs, and has since cost upwards of a million francs for repairs. This magnificent tower was formerly surmounted by a spire thirty feet high, and is at present one of the purest relics of Gothic architecture extant. It is square, with an engaged turret at the north-western angle, graceful pointed windows, elaborate tracery, niches with statues of saints, and a perforated balustrade at the summit adorned with the statue of St. John the Baptist and the four animals attributed to the Evangelists. To bring the foot of this tower to a level with the Rue de Rivoli, the soil had to be lowered three metres, which brought to light several curious relics, besides bones, the ground having formerly been a churchyard. This interesting structure now occupies the centre of an elegant square laid out as a garden, once intersected by the filthiest streets of the metropolis, haunted by vendors of rags and other commodities of a similar nature. The basement, which has been added to strengthen the tower, is ascended by fourteen steps on both sides; under the arch of the ground-floor stands the statue of Pascal, who here performed his first experiments to ascertain the weight of the atmosphere. A winding staircase in the engaged turret of the north-western angle leads to the top, and the trouble of mounting 294 steps is amply repaid by the magnificent view of Paris the tower affords. To the north we see the splendid Rue de Rivoli extending below our feet in a mathematical line; we overlook the Seine with its islands and bridges, the towers of Notre Dame, the Louvre, on one side, and the Hotel de Ville on the other; while Vincennes, the Pont Napoléon beyond Bercy, the Mont Valérien, and Montmartre, lie far within the horizon. A tolerable telescope is at the visitor's disposal for a small gratuity. The total height is 187 feet; the interior is hollow, and may be seen from a circular aperture above. A small fee is paid at the entrance.

The Hôtel des Invalides, of which we here see the magnificent dome, was built by the eminent architect Mansard, and finished in the year 1706. A square mass of building, 138 feet in length, forms the body of the church. It is divided into two stories, and in the centre of each front is a projecting mass, crowned with a pediment resting on composite columns. The southern one, which serves as a portico and principal entrance to the church, is composed of two rows of columns, the lower of the Doric order, the upper of the Corinthian. On each side of the portico is a niche containing statues of St. Louis and Charlemagne. Allegorical figures are also placed in front of the pilasters of the upper story. Above this, resting on a circular stylobate, rises the drum, which is outwardly surrounded by forty coupled composite columns; and at the points corresponding to the angles of the lower stories are eight projecting buttresses, finished with engaged columns. An attic crowned with a balustrade, and adorned with arched windows, crowns the drum, from within which springs the dome; its surface is divided by twelve gilt ribs into as many compartments, each occupied by projecting devices of trophies, arms, &c., also gilt. From the summit of the dome rises a lantern, with a gilt spire, globe, and cross. The total height to the top of the cross is 323 feet. Handsome iron gates, with eagles on the piers, give access to this edifice.

We have already given many illustrations showing the Reds in their acts of destruction, and we this week supplement our list by four pictures on page 276 and 281. We have so often spoken of these gentlemen and their achievements, that we are afraid we cannot tell the reader anything new concerning them. The engravings tell their own story, and cannot be misinterpreted.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE *Medical Times* states that the skull of the late Mr. Grote was opened by Mr. Marshall, who took a cast of the brain.

MR. ANSTEY, who left for Patna about three weeks ago in connection with the Wahabee case, has returned to Bombay, having thrown up his brief.

THERE have been numerous cases of cholera among the troops at Secunderabad.

A MADRAS barrister named Green, who instituted a suit for divorce from his wife, has withdrawn the suit. It appears he has become a Mahomedan and assumed the name of Abdoola.

THE Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, third son of the Emperor of Russia, is expected in India about the month of September next.

THE *Gazette* announces that the Queen has appointed Mr. John Rhys, B.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, to be an inspector of schools.

THEY make butter in Ravenna, Ohio, by putting the cream in a cloth bag and burying it about two feet deep in the earth, letting it remain three days. When it is disinterred it is found to be transformed into pure, sweet, yellow butter, with not one drop of butter-milk to be seen. The butter makers say that cream will yield about one-third more butter by this process than by the old-fashioned way of churning.

THE total average number of school children in attendance in Birmingham is 17,939, of whom no less than 13,092 are in Church of England schools.

IT is said that the Empress Eugenie is in treaty for the sale of her diamonds, which are valued at £320,000.

AN official report states the German loss of military surgeons in the late war to have been 101, viz., seventy-two killed in battle, twenty-five died of disease, the rest by accidents. The loss is considered very slight compared with other campaigns, especially with the Crimean war.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH has invented a new system of breech-loading for heavy guns, which combines great simplicity with strength. The plan is a slight modification of that already applied to his 12-pounder gun, which recently sent its bolt through a 4-inch armour-plate.

THE *Soir* states that M. Wittersheim will no longer print the *Journal Officiel*. In future it will be printed at the Imprimerie Nationale.

A REUTER'S telegram from Constantinople says Server Effendi undertakes the functions of the Foreign Minister, *ad interim*, during the absence of the Grand Vizier, who has been ordered by his physician to refrain from public business for three weeks. Mr. Seward, the late American Minister, has arrived at Constantinople.

SRINUGGUR, the capital of Cashmere, has been the scene of a destructive conflagration, which burned down nearly 300 houses. The fort of Gilghit also has been destroyed.

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* says that M. Thiers has intimated to the British Government his wish for a partial modification, not a total abrogation, of the commercial treaty. Earl Granville has replied that the treaty must be maintained in its integrity or given up altogether.

A DERVISH preached against the foreign representatives at Teheran, Christians and Feringhees in general. He was not tried for high treason, but was well whipped and turned out of the city.

THE Belfast people have been holding a meeting to get up a memorial to Lord Lurgan's greyhound "Master M'Grath." The following resolution was passed:—"That, recognising with honourable pride the unparalleled triumph of Lord Lurgan's celebrated greyhound, which, on no less than three different occasions, while competing with the most famous dogs of the United Kingdom, succeeded in carrying off the Waterloo Cup, we, a number of the supporters of the leash in Ireland, resolve that steps be at once taken to commemorate in a fitting manner Master M'Grath's triple victory." A subscription list was opened, and a large amount was subscribed.

THE *Broad Arrow* believes that any additional staff paymasters that may be found necessary in the event of the establishment of the new local or general and recruiting depots, will be selected from among those paymasters who were reduced from the old depot battalions, or from regimental paymasters of long service. For regimental paymasters the claims of reduced subalterns of the army will receive favourable consideration.

A LISBON telegram states that in consequence of the recent rains and adverse weather the vine disease has appeared, and is rapidly spreading throughout Portugal.

A SCHEME is on foot for holding a native art exhibition in Constantinople next autumn, and is said to be favourably entertained by the Grand Vizier.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* having been to Heligoland, telegraphs:—"The German attempts to excite dissatisfaction with English rule have been entire failures. Much discontent prevails, however, on account of the Governor having closed the gambling tables, and this discontent has increased owing to the bad weather interfering with the bathing season."

THE Emperor William is suffering from rheumatism, but is said to be better than he was. In consequence of the attack, however, His Majesty has postponed a contemplated journey to Hanover. The Crown Prince has gone to Hanover. An Imperial decree has been issued in which the Emperor grants to Prince Bismarck the landed estate of Schwarzenbeck, in recognition of his services.

SOME time ago the Shah of Persia applied to the British Government for the services of some European officers to drill his troops; and it was agreed that the services of some of the numerous doing-duty officers in India might be placed at his disposal. Here, however (says the *Englishman*), the matter is likely to rest, for the Shah objects to pay anything for the services of officers.

THE ironclads in the Mediterranean Squadron will join the Channel Squadron in its summer cruise.

THE Parsees of Bombay are raising a fund for the assistance of the poor Zoroastrians in Persia, who are suffering very much on account of the famine which at present exists in some parts of that country, and especially at Kerman and Yezd.

RUMOUR says the Russians have met with disaster in the Balkan. On the 26th of January it was generally reported in Astrabad (south-east corner of Caspian) that the Tekkeh Turcomans had attacked the Russian encampment at Danush Ardand, in the Balkan district, losing forty men themselves, but killing a very large number of Russian soldiers, as well as some of the Yamoot Turcomans who acted as guides. Three thousand families are said to have been carried into slavery from Meshed by the Turcomans. Supplies had also been cut off from the district, and distress was widespread.

THE *Musical Standard* is glad to note the increasing interest which is taken in vocal music at our public schools. There is now hardly a boys' academy of any importance at which part-singing is not taught, and generally speaking a special and agreeable display is made of this feature at the periodical breakings-up or speech days, &c.

MUCH satisfaction is said to be felt in Spain at the refusal of the King, on constitutional grounds, to accept the resignation of the Ministers. His Majesty even declared that he would command them to remain in power, as they possessed a majority in the Cortes. This determined attitude at last had its effect, and the Ministers have determined to retain their portfolios.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT FRANKFORT.—On our 28oth page will be found an illustration showing the representatives who attended the memorable Peace Conference at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Count Bismarck and Jules Favre, the principal actors in the play, seem to be arguing a knotty question very earnestly, whilst the others (with the exception of the gentleman conning over the map of Alsace and Lorraine) are listening attentively and with admiration. The names will be found printed beneath the illustration, so that the reader will have no difficulty in finding out who's who.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The Female's Friend.—So soon as the human functions are disordered steps should be taken to rectify them. It is a hopeless delusion to leave the malady to its own course. A few appropriate doses of Holloway's Pills at the proper period will prevent many a serious illness. They arrest all morbid influences, and prevent disease from extending and affecting other parts of the system. Their primary action is upon the blood, stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. Their secondary action is to strengthen the nervous centres. No drug can be at once so harmless yet so antagonistic to disorders affecting the female. The most perfect reliance may be placed upon their purifying, regulating, and renovating virtues. They may be safely taken by females at any age. [42

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

SWINDEN AND SONS,
(Established 1825,)
27, TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation,

Invite an inspection of their new stock of high-class Coloured Gold Jewellery.

Drawing-room Gilt Clocks and Dining-room Marble Clocks, Cuckoo Clocks and Vienna Regulators for Halls.

Bed-room and Kitchen Clocks.

Presentation Clocks and Gold and Silver Watches of every description.

A large and choice assortment of Musical Boxes now on hand. [394

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.
Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

SINGING!!!

'Twas all my fancy painted it,
'Twas lovely and did shine;
I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

BEST VALUE AND VARIETY EVER OFFERED.
GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSES,
101A and 70, NEW STREET. [916

ESTABLISHED 1802.

R. SYSON,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRT MAKER, AND LADIES' OUTFITTER.
85, *NEW STREET*
(OPPOSITE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS),
190] BIRMINGHAM.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE THE TEETH USE HAMPSON'S

FLUODENTINE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Three or four drops on the moistened brush is sufficient for one application. It cleanses the enamel, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Invaluable to Smokers. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimonials. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally, and by R. HAMPSON, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester.

BIRMINGHAM AGENT:
ARBLASTER, LATE CHRISTIAN. [934

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.

MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of Bennett's-hill),

Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker*.

SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.
Only address, [40
16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES (formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c.,
Liverpool. [797

DIGESTION PROMOTED BY PEPSINE,
Prepared by T. MORSON, and recommended by the Medical Profession.
Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [408

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
In use the last 70 Years for
BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
In use the last 70 Years for
LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames Street, London [388

THE NEW SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTE.

CHARLES RUSSELL

Begs especial attention to these elegant little INSTRUMENTS, which are unsurpassed for Beauty of Tone and Elasticity of Touch. They have the Patent Repetition Action, are Full Trichord Compass, Seven Octaves. Length is only 5ft. 10in.
BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM. [296

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.
HEAD OFFICE: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

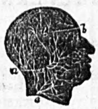
APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

BRADEN AND COMPANY'S
SUPERIOR

PREPARED GROATS. PREPARED BARLEY.	For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.
PREPARED PEAS FLOUR.	For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., packets, and 1s. canisters.
BRADEN'S BAKING POWDER. UNADULTERATED.	Puddings without eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Wholesome, and with less Butter.
BRADEN'S EGG POWDER.	One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.

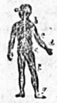
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.
MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E. [251

APPLIED NEURALINE. EXTERNALLY.



THE INSTANT CURE FOR
TIC-DOLOREUX, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, TOOTH-ACHE, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL NERVE PAINS.

Prepared by LEATH & ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, and 9, Vere Street, W.; and sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors.
Price 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied.



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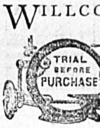
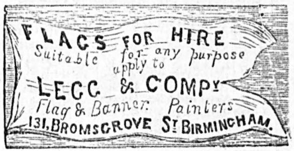


WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.
MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426



FLAGS FOR HIRE
Suitable for any purpose
apply to
LEGG & COMPY
Flag & Banner Painters
131, BROMSGROVE St BIRMINGHAM.

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

MR. J. SWINSON,
DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

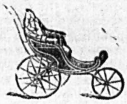
Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

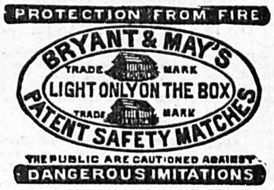
CAUTION.—BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES. The Public are respectfully Cautioned that BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES are being INFRINGED by importations from abroad. Bett's Name is upon every Capsule he makes for leading Merchants at home and abroad.
1, Wharf Road, City Road, London, April 8, 1868.
And Bordeaux, France. [252



LLOYD & CO.,
157, ISLINGTON,
BIRMINGHAM.

Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.

Wholesale and Retail. [269



PROTECTION FROM FIRE
BRYANT & MAY'S
TRADE MARK
LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX
TRADE MARK
PATENT SAFETY MATCHES
THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST
DANGEROUS IMITATIONS
[410

PALFREY'S, 4, BULL RING,
BIRMINGHAM.
JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists' and Fancy Trades.

WINDOW TICKETS FOR ALL TRADES

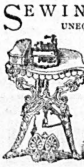
First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.

Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

FACTS FOR LADIES.

SEWING MACHINES,
UNEQUALLED FOR FAMILY USE.



THE ALBERTA 5 GUINEA SILENT LOCK-STITCH.

With Square Stand, 6 gs. With Ornamental Bronzed Stand, 6½ gs.

THE EXCELSIOR,
With Stand . . . . . 6 gs.
Hand Machines from 30s.
First-class Lock-Stitch, from 63s.

WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London. [410

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—A Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience.—Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

BEST SILKS ONLY.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL BLACK SILKS.

CHAPMAN'S
IMPERIAL
BLACK SILKS
WARRANTED

The increasing demand for these unequalled goods and the testimonials continually received from all parts of the world have induced us to have our registered trade mark stamped upon each dress.

The prices vary from 3½ to 6 Guineas, the full Robe of 12 yards, and
We hold ourselves responsible for the wear of every such Dress bearing our name.

MANUFACTURERS AND MERCERS, LONDON AND LYONS.
ESTABLISHED 1845.
LONDON ADDRESS FOR PATTERNS:
CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

We have at the present time several thousand pounds' worth of these unrivalled silks.

MR. CHAPMAN'S BLACK SILKS.—"We have inspected some specimens of Mr. Chapman's (of Notting Hill) Imperial Black Silks, and have been much pleased with their colour and quality. They are made in a peculiar manner, the warp and woof being similar, which ensures durability. In fact, Mr. Chapman guarantees the wear of all the peculiar make of silk known as the Imperial. Our subscribers can only procure this make of silk from Mr. Chapman, as he has secured the entire production of the Lyons firm manufacturing the particular style of goods in question. The 'guarantee' speaks highly for the 'Imperial Silks.'"—*Queen, January* 7, 1871. [300

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

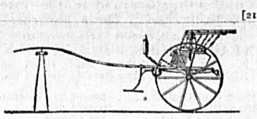
CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.

212 & 213, *OXFORD STREET, LONDON.* [102

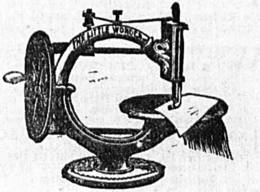
ROTTON PARK RESERVOIR,
EDGBASTON,
NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for
BOATING, &c.
Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.
265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.
[218



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

SLATER & CO.'S
LITTLE WONDER LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.
BOTH SIDES ALIKE, £3 3s.



REDUCTION IN PRICE OF SEWING MACHINES, with all the latest Improvements. The Wheeler and Wilson's, £5 10s.; No. 2 Howe's, £6 10s.; No. 2 Thomas's, £7; Patching Machines, for Repairing Old Boots, or general work, £8. Any other make repaired or altered. Second-hand Machines, £2.—N.B. Slater and Co.'s Manufactory, 18 and 19, Edmund Street, near the Town Hall. [36

EPILEPSY or EPILEPTIC FITS.—W. and J. TAYLOR'S celebrated ANTI-EPILEPTIC MEDICINE effects a speedy and permanent cure of this dreadful disease. It is perfectly harmless, and has a wonderful power of soothing and allaying that irritation and excitement so incidental to epileptics. Bottles, 3s. 6d. each.—W. & J. Taylor, 74, Brunswick Street, Hackney Road, London, E.; or by order of any chemist. [250

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate St., London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps. [277

BAKER and CRISP'S (198, Regent Street)
SILKS.

BAKER AND CRISP'S
JAPANESE SILKS.

BAKER and CRISP'S
FRENCH SATINS.

BAKER and CRISP'S
FANCY DRESSES.

BAKER and CRISP'S
WHITE PIQUES.

BAKER and CRISP'S
PLAIN and PRINTED CAMBRICS.

BAKER and CRISP'S
PLAIN WASHING SATINS
or FROU FROU.

A SPECIALITE.—CRETONNE DES INDES: A new Washing Fabric for Ladies', Young Ladies', and Children's Dresses. Price 5s. 11d. full dress. Obtainable only at BAKER & CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street. Patterns Free.

SILKS. SILKS. SILKS.

BAKER and CRISP'S,
The Cheapest House for Silks.
Patterns free.
The Largest Variety in the Kingdom of
Cheap, Intermediate, and Best
SILKS.

Fancy Silks	29s. 6d. to 55s.
Very Best	55s. to 5 guineas.
Striped and Checked Silks	29s. 6d. to 50s.
Plain Glace Silks	45s. 6d. to 55s.
Very Best	55s. to 4 guineas.
Plain Gros Grains	54s. to 65s.
Very Best	65s. to 95s.
Poult de Soie and Failles	45s. 6d. to 90s.
Japanese Silks	29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d.
Japanese Poplins	29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d.
Evening Silks	35s. 6d. to 65s.
Wedding Silks	35s. 6d. to 65s.
Dinner Silks	35s. 6d. to 65s.

Last year's Silks, Odd Dresses, and Remnants, great bargains.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

BLACK SILKS EXTRAORDINARY.
Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP are now selling the largest, cheapest, and richest lot of Black Silks that have been offered since the year 1848.

Viz.—Gros Grain, Glaces, Draps de France, and Cashmeres, &c., that were 6s., 8s., and 10s. per yard, are now selling 47s. 6d., 72s. 6d., and 84s. the full dress.
198, Regent Street.

BLACK SILKS. BLACK SILKS.
Patterns free.
Rich, Bright, Wide, and Durable Makes only.
Full Dress.

Black Gros Grains	29s. 6d. to 5 guineas.
Black Glace	29s. 6d. to 5 „
Black Gros Royal	45s. 6d. to 5 „
Black Satin Lison	95s. to 10 „
Black Figured Silks	35s. to 4 „
Black Moire Antiques	79s. 6d. to 10 „
Black Poult de Soies	45s. to 5 „
Widows' Black Silks	45s. to 5 „

198, Regent Street.

CONSIGNMENT EXTRAORDINARY.
£27,000 worth of
LYONS SILKS, FRENCH MUSLINS,
PERCALES, PIQUES, BRILLANTES, &c.
NOW SELLING at BAKER and CRISP'S,
198, Regent Street.

JAPANESE SILKS EXTRAORDINARY.
NOTICE.
The Richest JAPANESE SILKS, 29s. 6d. the full dress. In every shade or tint at 2s. 5½d. per yard.
Patterns free.

WHITE PIQUES, 6d. per yard.
A BANKRUPT'S STOCK OF
Two Thousand Pieces
Of these beautiful goods in Cords, Stripes, Checks, and Figures.
Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.

BAKER and CRISP'S FRENCH
PRINTED PIQUES, PERCALES,
BRILLIANTS, CAMBRICS, MUSLINS,
from 2s. 11d. full dress.
Patterns free. 198, Regent Street.

WAR PANIC.
EXTRAORDINARY SALE of WHITE PIQUES.
viz.:

1,200 Pieces at	5¾d. per yard.
A lot very superior	6¾d. per yard.
Superb Brillantes, usually 1s. yd.	all at 8¾d.
The best Piques	1s. 6d. per yard.
2,000 White Piques	3s. 11d. to 6s. 9d. [full dress.

Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

A SPECIALITY.—PONDICHERRY
and CACHMERE DE LORRAINE
(Registered),
made expressly for BAKER and CRISP.
In Seventy-nine Shades of Colour, at 12s. 6d. full dress.
Patterns free. 198, Regent Street, London.

LADIES' HANDS can now be fitted
with the very Best
PARIS KID GLOVES.
Every size and colour, 2s. 7½d. per pair, or 31s. per doz. Free for 2 extra stamps. Obtainable only at BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.

RIDICULOUSLY CHEAP.
1,500 PIECES of FINE FRENCH MUSLINS,
Now selling at
4½d. to 6¾d. per yard, in all the New Colours.
For the coming season. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS
in FRENCH MUSLINS,
At BAKER and CRISP'S,
198, Regent Street.
Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP'S
WHITE PIQUES.
The largest variety, Wholesale and Retail, in the Kingdom, commencing at 4¾d. per yard.
198, Regent Street.

BAKER and CRISP'S
Early Spring POIL DE CHEVRE,
in all the most lovely tints for
Evening, Wedding, and Dinner wear.
Patterns free. 198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS FREE.
GERMAN WASHING SILKS,
25s. 6d. full dress.
BAKER and CRISP,
198, Regent Street.

SPRING VELVETEENS.
THE PATENT MOLESKIN
Finish for
17s. 6d.
BAKER and CRISP,
198, Regent Street.

SILK, WOOL, or WASHING GRENADINES for Evening, Wedding, or Dinner wear. The largest variety in London, from 10s. 6d. full dress. [380

LADIES REQUIRING

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